

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY.

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. AUGUSTUS MARKHAM GAVESTON strolled up the village when the children left him, looking curiously at all the cottages, till he came to the little whitewashed country inn, which called itself the Markham Arms. The little gentleman was full of interest in everything. He stopped and looked in at the windows of the little shop, where everything was sold, from biscuits to petticoats—gazed in with as much interest as if it had been a shop in Bond Street. He crossed over the street to see where the post office was, and to look at the smithy, where the blacksmith and his journeyman and apprentice paused to push their caps from their foreheads and stare at him, as did also the groom from Westland Towers, very trim and fine, who had brought Mr. Westland's horse to have his shoes looked to. They all stared, and the stranger returned their gaze with smiling complacency, evidently thinking it quite natural that they should stare at him—a thing to be looked for. And the school children stared at him whom he met on their way to the rectory. Mr. Augustus did not mind. He looked at them all paternally, patting the heads of some of the little ones. The little girls curtsied to him—as you may be sure in schools superintended by Miss Stainforth they had been taught to do—and this pleased him greatly. He took off his hat to

them, which astonished the children as much as his white umbrella did, and the strangeness of his appearance altogether. The village was in a commotion, as was natural, by reason of the school-feast, and the arrival of so many carriages and visitors. Half at least of the houses were still pouring forth little bands in their best clothes, mothers and aunts standing at the door to watch the effect. So that it was a kind of triumphal progress which he made through the village street, where everybody was glad to have a new object to occupy them after the children had disappeared. The Markham Arms was not a much frequented inn; but it was as clean and neat as it was quiet and homely, and there was a pretty little parlour with a bow-window, all clustered with the common sweet clematis, the travellers' joy, and honeysuckle, into which Mrs. Boardman ushered the stranger with secret pride, yet many apologies.

"There is a bigger room up stairs, sir; but if so be as you could do with this till to-morrow——"

"It is the very thing I want," he said; and he bade her send some one to the station for his portmanteaus. "Only the portmanteaus. I don't want the big cases." This dazzled the landlady, and indeed there were found to be three large cases besides the portmanteaus, cases so large that it was all the little station could do to afford them shelter and

safety. John Boardman fetched the other boxes himself, and was duly impressed by this evidence of wealth. The name on the luggage, as on the little gentleman's card, was Markham Gaveston; but whether by some freak of the uninstructed artist who had written the name in bold characters of print upon the cases, the Gaveston was small, and the Markham large, so that there was some doubt in the minds of the people, both at the station and the inn, which was the name to call the new-comer by; and, what was still more odd, when they asked him, he only laughed and answered, "Which you please," which confused them more and more. He informed John Boardman, however, that he was a relation of the family, but had been in foreign parts all his life, and had never seen Markham before; and, as he brought in the boys from the Chase to dine with him that very evening, there could be no doubt as to the justice of this claim. Also the landlord had a letter to put in the post for him that night which was addressed to Sir William Markham at Oxford. He must be a relation, but who was he? For the next two days the village was very much disturbed by this question. There were old people in the place who were proud to think that they knew Sir William's relations better than he himself did; but who this little gentleman was, and what might be the degree of his cousinship, they found it very hard to make out. He laughed once more when he was asked if he was "a full cousin," or a more distant relation.

"Something of that sort," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, as if this was a capital joke. He was so constantly about, and so ready to make acquaintance with everybody, that in two days the whole village knew him; and this question weighed upon the mind of the community. At last one of the old women in the almshouses who had spent half her life in the nursery at the Chase, by dint of almost superhuman cogitation,

found a clue to the mystery. She remembered that one of the daughters of the late Mr. Markham of Underwood, who was "full cousin" to Sir William, had gone abroad after she became a widow, a very long time ago. Most likely she must have married again and become the mother of this little brown gentleman, who no doubt looked older than he was, being so spare and so brown. This was an explanation that satisfied everybody. The lady's name had been Willoughby when she left England, but what of that? It took a weight off the mind of the village to have the stranger thus made out and set in his right place.

And during the three days he spent in the village, Mr. Markham Gaveston made acquaintance with everybody. His curiosity was insatiable. All day long he strolled about and questioned everybody. When he saw old Sophy coming from the woods with her bundle of sticks, he insisted on knowing where she got them, and how she got them, and all about her. Nothing escaped him. He found out that it was Lord Westland's groom that was at the smithy when he passed, and that the horse belonged to the Honourable Mr. Westland, and that the Honourable Mr. Westland was always finding errands to bring him to the rectory. This information he picked up by the way, as one to whom all news was pleasant; but the Markhams were the real objects of his inquiries. And when the landlady proceeded to intimate that Mr. Westland might save himself the trouble, since Miss Dolly cared more for Mr. Paul's little finger than for all his grandeur, and his title, the little gentleman at once owned the stronger spell.

"So there's a love-story going on, is there?" he cried briskly. "Mr. Paul! that's my young relation, I suppose! Are they going to marry! Come, tell me all about it. This interests me."

"Oh, marry, sir; bless you! No it ain't gone so far as that," Mrs. Boardman cried. And she had to protest

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that there was nothing but "idle tales" in what she had said—her own silly fancies, as she added, with anxious humility, and bits of gossip among the servants. "You won't say as I said it, sir," she added. "I wouldn't be the one to make mischief for all the world, nor vex Miss Dolly, so good as she is; and most likely my lady wouldn't like it—and I don't say nothing for Mr. Paul neither. He is mostly away; it isn't what you could call keeping company. Oh, if us women hadn't got no tongues, what a deal o' mischief'd be spared!"

"That's what I'm always telling you," said John.

"And the men's worse," said his wife, going on. "Us women, we lets a thing slip, and never thinks; but the bad stories, them as sets folks by the ears, they always comes from the men."

This amused Mr. Markham Gaveston greatly. He clapped his hands and encouraged them both to continue.

"At her, John!" he said, behind the good woman's back; but John shook his head and retired. He knew better.

And Mrs. Boardman wiped her hands on her apron, and went off "to see to my dinner." The dinner naturally was not hers, but her guest's, who was a small eater—much too small an eater; a single chop was all he had for lunch, a chicken served him two days for dinner. There was little credit in cooking for any one who was so easily satisfied. To be sure he had suggested one or two eccentric dishes to her when he came, which Mrs. Boardman had never heard of, and which she had declared could not be half so good for any one's "innards," as a plain joint; but since that the stranger had made no remarks, eating what was set before him without remonstrance, but too little of it to please his hostess. He was much more greedy of news than he was of his dinner; and this last piece of information cost him a great deal of thought.

Next day, the third day of his stay

at Markham Royal, Dolly Stainforth had a little expedition to make by railway. Though she was far from being an emancipated young lady, and though her father was very careful that she should have in general all the guardianship that her position required, yet to be always accompanied by a servant on the little journeys which she made periodically to see an old aunt only two stations off, was a burden Dolly could not consent to: for which reason it had become the habit at Markham Royal to appropriate a vacant carriage to the use of ladies—a carriage over which the guard was supposed to watch, defending it from all male intruders. In this compartment old George, the man-servant at the rectory, carefully placed his young mistress; and all went on as usual till the very moment before the train started, when old George was gone, and the attention of the guard distracted; when the door of Dolly's carriage was suddenly, swiftly, noiselessly opened, and a little gentleman, in loose, light-coloured clothes, jumped in.

Dolly was so much startled that it was a minute before she found her breath, and in that minute the train had glided from the station.

"I fear I have frightened you," the stranger said.

Dolly was not at all frightened, but she was true to her father's precautions.

"Oh, no; but this is a carriage for ladies," she said.

"Dear me, what a pity!" cried the little man; but it was easy to see by his countenance that he did not think it a pity. "I am a stranger here," he said, "a stranger in England. I don't know all your ways. I will change at the next station if I am disagreeable to you."

"Oh, no," cried Dolly, horrified to be supposed guilty of rudeness. "It is not that. It is only that I am supposed always to travel by myself. Papa insists on a ladies' carriage. But it does not at all matter," she

added, with a glance that was not flattering to the special intruder in question. "Nobody could mind—"

Dear, dear! Dolly thought to herself, this is ruder still; and blushed crimson.

The stranger, however, did not draw from this any conclusions which were humiliating to himself. People are not so close to mark our looks and words as we imagine them to be. He smiled serenely, and as the train was now plunging along in the fussy yet leisurely manner common to a country train which stops at all the stations, resumed, with an air of great satisfaction and complacency—

"I am very glad you don't mind; for I came into the carriage on purpose—because I saw you get in. I wanted to speak to you," said Mr. Markham Gaveston, with a genial smile.

Then Dolly began to quake a little. Was he mad—or what did he mean? "Do you know me?" she said, faltering. She had heard of the stranger at the Markham Arms, but had not seen him.

"I have the pleasure of knowing who you are," he said, taking off his hat with the utmost politeness. "My little—relations, the little Markhams, pointed you out to me."

"Oh," cried Dolly again, "then you are—!"

"Yes, exactly," he said, smiling, "that is what I am. I have come from the tropics, and I do not know much about England. If I say anything that is very unusual, I hope you will excuse me. It is disagreeable that they should be away just when I have come so far to see them."

"Yes," said Dolly, hesitating. She could not refuse to answer him; but to discuss her friends with a stranger was a thing against which her heart revolted. "They did not expect to be away; it was quite unexpected," she said.

"And I have no reason to complain, for they did not know I was coming. All the same, one may say it is disagreeable, don't you think? I have to

put up in the inn, instead of being in my—instead of being among my own people."

"Do you know the Markhams, sir?" said Dolly.

She had a way of saying "sir" to men whom she considered old men; but happily Mr. Markham Gaveston did not know what was his title to so respectful an address.

"I know the little boys and the little girls," he said. "I could wish there were no more."

"Why?"

Dolly turned upon him with a flash of indignation, with eyes wide open and lips apart.

"Ah! what a silly thing to say, wasn't it?" he said. "You may be sure I couldn't have meant it. I want you to tell me about the others—the eldest girl and the boy."

"I'll tell you—about the others!"

Dolly grew pale, and then red again. Either he must be mad, which had been her first thought, or else—

"Yes," he said, quite calmly, "don't be frightened. I want to have a good account of them, and that is what has brought me to you."

Once more Dolly stared at him in consternation. She wanted to be angry and think him impertinent, but he was not impertinent.

"Don't be frightened," her strange companion went on. "I want to hear all that is good of them. They tell me that I won't hear anything that is not good from you."

"Mr.—sir!—How can I talk," cried Dolly, with crimson cheeks, "of my friends to you? I—don't know you. Why do you want to question any one about them? Who told you I would say nothing that was not good? Does anybody think," cried Dolly, her eyes flaming, "that I would say either good or bad, for any one, that was not true?"

"I cannot answer so many questions at once," said the little gentleman; "besides that is not what I want; I want to ask, not to answer. I want to know about my—relations. When I

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see them, perhaps they may not be very civil to me; they may think me a bore."

"Oh!" cried Dolly, "certainly they will be civil. Alice is too kind for anything else, and Paul—Paul is a gentleman," she said, raising her head. A softness came over the girl's eyes. She had no thought of betraying herself; perhaps indeed she was not aware that there was anything to betray; but in spite of herself, a certain subdued and dreamy glow, a kind of haze of golden light, came into her brown eyes at Paul's name.

"Well, that is something," said the stranger; "you don't think then that they will take to me much? but because the one is kind, and the other a gentleman——"

"That was not what I meant. Am I to pay you compliments to your face?" said Dolly, stopping short and looking suddenly up, half-impatient, half-amused.

"Certainly, if you wish to," he cried, promptly. "Oh, yes—do not be shy. I should not at all mind a compliment or two; indeed I think I should like them. Do not stand upon ceremony. If you can say seriously that you think me so nice that Alice will like me at once, and your Paul claim me as a brother——"

"He is not my Paul," cried Dolly, with another hot blush. "I do not like such a way of speaking. And, Mr.——"

She paused for his name, but the little man was malicious, and would not give it. He nodded his head two or three times.

"Just so," he said. "That is quite right," smiling with a mischievous smile.

"Mr.—Markham," Dolly said with a burst. "If that is not your right name, it is not my fault. How could Paul receive you as a brother? You must mean as—an uncle perhaps. Do you know that Paul is only just come of age, and Alice is but six months older than I?"

"Ah," said Mr. Markham Gaveston,

stroking his moustache, "I did not think of that," and he looked at her with an expression, half-comic, half-sad, slightly discomfited there could be no doubt. From this he shook himself free, however, and asked suddenly, "How old may Sir William be?"

"Sir William? Oh, quite old," said Dolly. She gave a furtive glance at him this time, anxious to keep on the safe side, and making a calculation in her own mind how old this little brown gentleman himself could be. Fifty, sixty? these two ages were much the same to Dolly. There was not to her any appreciable difference in their extreme oldness and far-offness. Even forty was very old. Her mind wandered hazily, confused on these gray and misty heights. "He is not so old as papa," she said with hesitation, "for papa, you know, was his tutor at college; but he is a great deal older than Lady Markham. He did not marry till he was about—I don't quite know how much—about forty, I think I have heard people say," said Dolly, with a certain awe in her voice.

"And that seems quite old to you?"

"It is old to be married, is it not? And Lady Markham was so beautiful, everybody says. She is beautiful still. I don't know any one so lovely. I tell Alice often, though I love her dearly, she is not half, oh, not a quarter so pretty as her mamma."

"How does Alice like that? It will not please her much I should think. I should not say that if I wanted her to like me."

The disdain with which Dolly erected her small head, and looked at him!

"That only shows," she said, "how little you know. Any girl would be a great deal more proud of her beautiful mamma than if she were ever so pretty herself. And Alice is very pretty. She has the sweetest eyes you ever saw. Quite blue like the sky—the deep sky. Not this little bit of no colour at all," she said, pointing upwards to the hazy gray-blue of heat: "but the deep, deep sky—the blue—

blue behind the clouds. Everything about her is pretty; but she is not so handsome, so beautiful, as Lady Markham. Being beautiful, and being pretty, are two different things."

Her companion did not pay much attention to Dolly's reflections. He broke the thread of them quite abruptly by asking all at once—

"And Paul?"

"Paul!" Dolly raised her slight figure bolt upright as though she had been fifty. "You are very much interested in Paul, Mr.—Markham; but then you don't know them. I care for Alice most."

He answered by a laugh. What did he laugh at, this very strange disagreeable little gentleman? Dolly had thoughts of turning her back upon him, of saying no more to him, of requesting him to change into another carriage at the station which they were approaching. But after all she did not want to be rid of him. She could not help liking to talk about the Markhams. What could be more natural? Were they not her oldest friends? her nearest neighbours? the people to whom she owed most of her pleasures? It was not doing any harm to them; on the contrary, it might be doing them good. Dolly tried to remember, though her heart fluttered, whether she had ever heard of any rich uncle or benevolent relation who might intend to surprise them, to come home *incognito*, and find out their characters before he left them all his money. If this was so, might it not be for their very highest advantage that she should talk of them? Mr. Markham Gaveston was the ideal of a rich uncle travelling *incognito*, such as appears now and then in novels. Perhaps he might intend to represent himself as a poor, not a rich, relation, in order to try them. Dolly smiled within herself as this idea crossed her mind. Then indeed it was quite certain whom his money would come to! He would be received as if he were a prince. Lady Markham and Alice would not know

how to do enough for him. They would try to make him forget his imaginary troubles; they would comfort him for all his losses. If this was what he meant to do, Dolly smiled to think of the certain issue. Before she came to this smile she had made a long circuit in her thoughts, and had half or wholly forgotten the laugh which had for a moment roused her indignation. And when he saw her smile, her companion took it as a sign of amnesty, and himself resumed the conversation.

"Come," he said, "you have told me about the ladies; it is the turn of the others now; so if you please, let us return to the most important. I want to know about Paul."

"Is he the most important?" said Dolly, doing her best to move her pretty upper lip into a semblance of scorn; then she dropped from this height of proud disdain, and admitted in a cheerful tone, "I suppose he will be to gentlemen. I do not know Paul so well; that is natural. He has been away a great deal—not always at home like Alice; he was at school first, and now he has been nearly three years at Oxford. I have seen him only in the holidays. That makes a great difference," said Dolly, demurely. She looked at her questioner with quiet defiance. If he thought she was going to betray herself a second time! And Mr. Markham laughed too. They established a little tacit confidence on this point—not that Dolly would have owned to it for any inducement—but the stranger was quick, and understood.

"Shall you go and stay with them," she said, beginning to carry the war into the enemy's country, "when they come back?"

"If they will have me," he said.

"Oh, I am sure they will have you. If you take my advice, Mr.—Markham, this is what you must do. Pretend to be quite poor. Say you have lost everything, and that instead of coming to England rich as you had hoped, you have come with nothing. Oh, what

fun it will be," cried Dolly. "I will back you up in everything you say. I will pretend you *told* me about it. Do this, Mr. Markham, and you shall see what will happen."

"What would happen in many houses would be that I should be turned to the door. But how do you know that I am not poor? then it would be no fun at all."

Dolly's laugh was a pleasure to hear; it was so honest, and simple, and sure. She had no doubt whatever on the question. Her theory explained everything delightfully. She did not even take the trouble to reply to this suggestion. She said—

"We are coming to the Pemberton station. Do you mean to change here as you said?"

"I will go certainly, if you turn me out."

Here Dolly's laughing countenance suddenly clouded over. She cast at him a quick glance of entreaty.

"Oh, no, don't go, don't go," she cried. And then she added, in a tone of annoyance, "I think everybody is travelling to-day. Some people are always travelling. It is horrid," cried Dolly, "to see the same faces and hear the same voices wherever one goes."

The cause of this ebullition of temper was easily explained. It was George Westland, very deprecating and humble, who had opened the carriage door.

CHAPTER XX.

"Good morning, Miss Stainforth."

"Good morning," Dolly replied, with a forbidding face.

"Is there any room in your carriage? I am going only as far as Birtwood."

"There is always room in my carriage," said Dolly, "for it is a ladies' carriage. This gentleman got in in a hurry just as we were starting, but he is to leave if any ladies come and want his place. I could not let any other gentleman come in, but if Ada is with you——"

George Westland's countenance fell.

It was a heavy and not a lovely face, but there was feeling in it, and a flicker of hope and pleasure had made his eyes bright. Now the light went out of it suddenly. He uttered a blank "Oh!" of disappointment, and stood looking at her with a vacant look. Her companion in the carriage was not a likely person to excite any young lover's jealousy, but yet——

"No, Ada is not with me," he said, fixing an anxious look upon the stranger, who had retired to the other window, and was ostentatiously abstracting himself from the conversation. (She would surely never have anything to say to a bit of a little old fellow like that, poor George thought within himself.) He lingered at the window, not knowing what to say more, for conversation was not his forte. At last he remembered a subject which could not fail to be successful. "Have you heard," he said—"but of course you must have heard—that Sir William is ill? He has been to Oxford—something about Paul. What Paul has been doing, I don't know," the young man went on with increasing vigour, "but something to make his people uneasy. And Sir William is ill; some one said just now they were bringing him home to-day."

"Sir William ill! Oh, no, I have not heard anything about it. It must be a mistake," said Dolly, "for I am sure the children did not know, and they would be sure to hear."

"I am afraid it is quite true," said the young man. But with this he had to make an abrupt disappearance, as the train was about setting off again. When he had gone, Mr. Markham Gaveston drew near from the other end of the carriage.

"I did not want to interfere with your conversation," he said, with comical demureness. "He was not so bold as I; I did not ask leave. But indeed, poor young man, as I am already in possession it would not have done him very much good."

Dolly did not think it necessary to take any notice, and the distance to

Birtwood was very short and left little time for further talk. Her companion, on his side, did not take any notice of the news about Sir William, which Dolly hoped was not true. "The Westlands always know before any one else if there is anything the matter with the Markhams; they seem to like to tell one," she complained, with a contradiction of her own hope. But though he had been so profuse in his inquiries before, the stranger said nothing more now. A certain sternness had crept into his brown face; the habitual smile, half-mocking, half-complacent, died away from his mouth, his upper-lip set firmly upon the other. But Dolly, who was not very deeply interested in the Markhams' relation, did not notice these changes.

Birtwood was a railway junction, an important place in those regions. All the traffic of the district, all the comings and goings, had to concentrate there. Through all the county it was well known that you were more apt to see your friends at Birtwood than anywhere else. It did not matter where they were going, everybody passed by this point of union. People met as they crossed each other to take the trains up and down; there were all sorts of little services which one could render to another; and it was said that many marriages had been made and friendships cemented during the intervals of waiting which were inevitable, in the tedium of that new ill which modern flesh is heir to—the necessity of waiting for your train. The train in which Dolly and Mr. Markham Gaveston were was a little local train, and therefore used with indignity. It was pushed about, now to one side, now to the other, before it was permitted to approach the platform, another more important line of carriages being brought up and allowed to disgorge its passengers before the very eyes of the humble travellers who were kept behind, making little runs up and down, though they had arrived before the train which was thus preferred to

them. Dolly, though she was used to this, felt it incumbent upon her to put on a show of indignation, for she did not want a stranger to suppose that this was how the trains from Markham Royal were always used. "I will make papa write about it," she said. She was standing in front of the window when at last the train drew up, obscuring the scene for the little man behind, who took it patiently enough. When, however, Dolly uttered a little cry, and leaning out head and shoulders made eager signs to some one already standing on the platform, exclaiming, "Oh, Alice! Alice! wait a moment," his interest was instantly roused. As soon as the carriage stopped the girl precipitated herself out of it, and rushed towards two ladies who were waiting. Mr. Markham Gaveston made no attempt to follow. He placed himself at the window of the carriage and looked out, his brown face wholly changed in aspect, his eyebrows contracted, his lips set firm. Two women, mother and daughter, one in full maturity, the other in the sweetest bloom of youth, with their face turned towards a third person, who came slowly along leaning upon the arm of a young man. Dolly, rushing towards them, was received by the other girl with a hurried gesture of her hand, half salutation, half intended to draw the newcomer out of the way; while the elder lady took no notice, her face, which was full of anxiety, being turned towards the advancing group. All the people about followed more or less that anxious look, and the officials of the place were crowding round in respectful attendance. The spectator at the window, who had grown very pale through his brownness, saw an old man walking slowly and feebly along, leaning heavily upon his companion's arm. He seemed to say something as they made their way along, for the young man turned round and waved his disengaged hand to warn the bystanders away. The blood rushed into Gus Markham's ears, tingling and throbbing, as he saw this little

procession pass, so close to where he sat at his window that he could have touched the chief figure. Sir William was ashy pale, his under lip drooped, one of his hands hung with a look of useless limpness by his side, he shuffled slightly with one foot. The air of a man stricken and broken down as by some great blow was upon him. The spectator gazed with the strangest pang, eagerly, keenly at the face he had never consciously seen before. Not a doubt of who it was crossed his mind. He had expected to meet him coldly, perhaps to be received with doubt and antagonism; but it had never occurred to Gus's somewhat superficial but not unamiable spirit that anything tragical would be involved in the encounter. Gradually indeed, a sense of issues more serious than any that had ever occurred to him before had been invading the kindly self-satisfaction of his nature. Now he sat and gazed as under a spell. They had shown him Sir William's portrait at the Chase. Was it he that had made the difference between that self-possessed, dignified, imposing little statesman and this broken and suffering old man? Gus gazed as one who cannot detach his eyes. The whole scene passed before him like a picture. The beautiful, anxious woman, gazing with such circles of trouble round her eyes, watching every step her husband made; the beautiful girl, putting her young companion aside, watching her father creep along through the sunshine; the young man—but here Gus's thoughts broke off short. Was that Paul? It did not seem to him like the idea of Paul which he had got from all that had been said. The young man was not like any of the others. He had none of that "family look" which distinguishes even in unlikeness members of the same race. His face was serious, but not anxious like the others; he had an air of kind solicitude, not of family trouble. Was it Paul? Was it Sir William's heir? They passed slowly before him, all the rest of the faces round

looking after them, turned towards them, making them the centre, as this far more deeply interested spectator did.

He felt himself drawn after them, he could not tell how, and stole quite quietly out of the carriage as soon as they had passed. They were going further on to another train—a special one—which was going back to Markham Royal. Gus followed slowly among the other bystanders, walking as near the principal persons as he could, following as at a funeral. Was it his doing? Was it his fault? He heard the murmurs of the people with a strange sense of guiltiness. "He's aged ten years," he heard one say to another, "since the other day." "Ah, sons has a deal to answer for," said another. This speech went buzzing through his mind like a winged and stinging insect. It hurt him, though nobody could have thought of him in saying it. He saw the sick man put carefully into the carriage, watching every movement, and feeling as if he himself were hurt by the little stumble of his foot as he went in—the jar of unexpected motion in the train. Lady Markham passed him slowly, as he stood looking with a woful face, deadly serious and awe-stricken, after the sufferer, and gave him a grateful glance, seeing what she thought the sympathy in his eyes. But it was not sympathy; it was a far stronger, more personal feeling. He stood gazing while everything was arranged for Sir William's comfort, and started to hear his voice coming out of the midst of the anxious group. It was not much he said—nothing, indeed, but a "That will do—that will do!" half querulous, half grateful. But the sound gave the looker-on a shock; it sounded to him reproachful, almost terrible. He kept standing there, staring, seeing nothing except the man whom he had never seen before—whom, for all he knew—was it possible?—his letter had killed.

Then suddenly the sound of other voices came to his ears—a whispering

conversation. The two girls were behind him, not conscious of his presence.

"Very ill," one was saying. "Oh, Dolly, yesterday we thought he would have died. But he is so much better now. The doctor was quite perplexed; he said he never saw anything so momentary; he could not call it a fit—it lasted so short a time. He thinks in a day or two he will be quite well again."

"Alice!" said the other's whispering voice, "don't tell me if it vexes you; but I will never—never say a word. Oh, tell me! I can't think of anything else—was it Paul?"

"Paul!" with a tone of indignation. Then the voice softened. "Dolly, dear, I know why you ask. Paul has been—very—wilful: he has given us a great deal of grief. I don't know how to tell you. But it was not Paul. Oh, there have been so many things! and he had letters—that worried him."

"Was that all?"

She was standing close by the man into whose heart these words sank like a stone.

"Everybody," said Dolly, "is worried by letters; and now that he is safely here, you and your mamma will be able to take care of him, and keep everything that is bad for him out of his way."

"I hope so," said Alice doubtfully. And then she passed Gus Markham so closely that her dress touched him. He withdrew from the touch hastily, and looked at her with anxious eyes. If she had known! but she did not look at him; far less had she any thought that he was involved in the catastrophe that had happened. He stood quite still, paying no attention to Dolly, watching them as Alice joined her mother in the carriage. Then he hurried on to another compartment and got in. What a home-coming it would be!—the children that had been so merry subdued and silenced at once—the big house that had looked so peaceful, filled full of apprehension

and trouble. He got into one of the carriages that followed, with a sense that nothing could disassociate him henceforward from this troubled family.

Dolly, standing wistful on the platform to watch her friend go away, caught sight of him, too, as the train passed, and a gleam of wonder shot over her little pale face. Yes, they would all wonder no doubt. It would seem strange—very strange to everybody. But it was clear that wherever this party went he must follow them. His lot was cast in with theirs, once for all.

CHAPTER XXI.

On the morning when Lady Markham went upon that unfortunate visit to Spears in his shop, which has been already recorded, both her husband and daughter were early astir—astir in that way which so often occurs in a family disturbed by domestic anxiety, when all are roused and in movement before the ordinary time, yet all unwilling to begin the day, to meet, to breakfast, to return once more to painful discussions of a trouble which no discussions ever diminish. Lady Markham stole out, thinking that both were asleep, while, on the other hand, both father and daughter respected her restlessness, and used what expedients were in their power to soothe their own.

Sir William had his writing-case, and the despatch-box which he carried everywhere with him, taken down stairs, to the big, bare sitting-room, in which his wife and he had discussed Paul on the previous night—a high square room, like a box, as blank and featureless; and there sat down, and made a pretence of writing his letters,—nay, more than a pretence, for his mind was preternaturally clear, stirred into activity and wakefulness more strenuous even than its wont, by the care which was the undercurrent of all his thoughts, and perpetually present with him. He wrote several letters

about business, public and private, in which his well-known terse and concentrated style was more concentrated and terse than ever. And by times he laid down his pen, and breathed a sigh out of the very depths of his chest, from the bottom of his heart. This was all the sign he gave of the distractions which were in his mind. It was much from him. He was not so overwhelmed as his wife by the suggestion of Paul's possible entanglement, but he was much more angry, annoyed, and impatient of the folly which all his wisdom could not cure. What can be more irritating, confusing, bewildering to a man who knows himself a power and influence in the world: not to be able to influence the being nearest to him, to persuade his own son to hear reason! There could not be a greater irony of fate. And behind this irritation and annoyance there was the other mystery, which only he knew of—the danger which menaced Paul in those prospects which Paul held so lightly, and was ready to throw away on the lightest inducement. Would he care as little for them if they were to disappear from him at the will of another, not his own! To find himself thus, between two impossibilities—between his young son whom he could no more move than he could move a mountain, and another unknown being who for aught he knew might be as little manageable as Paul, he was held fast, and his mind driven to bay. He kept himself out of the whirl of thought and feeling which these perplexities raised by mere force of will, and sat perfectly self-controlled at the bare table writing his letters, himself as neat as usual, every fold of his trim attire in its right place, his tie tied with all the usual exactitude, his sentences more sharply cut, more tersely defined than ever. The suppressed excitement in him acted as a powerful stimulant, quickening his heart's action, and intensifying the clearness of his brain; but now and then he put down his pen, forgot the imperial problems

which were easier to solve than these private ones, and relieved his full heart with the labouring of a profound sigh; then set to work once more.

The breakfast was brought in before Lady Markham appeared. Alice had been up in her own room for, she thought, hours—trying to read, trying to find any little trivial occupation, wandering to the window to gaze out blindly, seeing nothing, fulfilling all the tricks of anxiety, as if she, happy child, had been born to it, or had lived in no other atmosphere all her days. And yet it was but a short time since the very *a, b, c* of this devouring, absorbing passion, had been unknown to her—so easily are all its habits learnt. She went down stairs when the hour for breakfast arrived, and found Sir William very busy over his papers.

"Where is your mother!" he said.

Alice did not know; but they easily concluded that being ready early she had gone—it was not far—to see her boy in his rooms, perhaps to use some argument with him which had been taught to her in the counsels of the night.

"She will have gone to bring Paul to breakfast," Alice said, feeling it was her business to smile, and keep what show of liveliness was possible. Then she made the tea, and going to the window once more stood looking out, hearing in the silence the scratch of her father's pen upon the paper, and the bubbling and boiling of the urn upon the table.

By and by they sat down to breakfast. Lady Markham possibly was staying with Paul. Perhaps he was late, as usual, and kept her waiting. It seemed a cheerful token, a sign of good, to fall back upon Paul's lateness—that familiar home-grievance which they all had laughed and scolded about a hundred times. To say that he was "late as usual," that mamma no doubt had found him in bed, and was waiting for him, lazy fellow, seemed to break the new and gloomy spell.

Just then, however, a step approached, and some one knocked; a servant, and after him, their friend of yesterday, young Fairfax, very shamefaced and blushing, who came to say that Lady Markham had sent him, that she was taking off her hat up stairs, and would be down directly; and that he was under her orders to wait here for something she wanted him to do.

Fairfax blushed to the roots of his hair, and was full of apologies.

"I am so sorry," he said, "to disturb you; but Lady Markham——"

"Bring another cup," said Sir William.

The waiter, who had ushered in Fairfax, had brought also a letter, which was almost more surprising than the other visitor.

Sir William, however, was glad of any one who took him out of himself. He looked at his letter, but it did not seem important. The postmark was Markham Royal. There was no one there to give him uneasiness of any kind. He took it up between his finger and thumb, as he said—"Bring another cup."

And then neither of the young people knew anything more about Sir William till Lady Markham came in. He retired behind his letter as behind a shield, and the others talked. Fairfax was somewhat shy. He described how he had met Lady Markham in the fresh morning.

"It is the most pleasant time for walking if people only knew."

"Did mamma go to see Paul? and oh, where is he? will not he come?" said Alice.

The tears got into her voice. Had things gone so far that he would refuse to come?

"I don't think she has seen Markham," said young Fairfax.

Lady Markham had brought him in with her that she might not be obliged all at once to explain where she had been. The same reason made her spend a longer time than was necessary in taking off her hat and putting on the matronly cap with which she

covered her beautiful hair. She thought with the simple subtlety of an innocent woman that the conversation would be in full course when she made her appearance and any confusion on her own part be concealed. When she came in her manners were of the conciliatory and effusive kind which is common to all culprits desirous of avoiding explanations of equivocal conduct.

"I met Mr. Fairfax when I went out, and I met him again coming back," she said, "and he owned he had not breakfasted. I hope you are giving him something to eat, Alice."

Alice looked up anxiously in her mother's eyes. Where was Paul? that look inquired, but the glance with which Lady Markham replied conveyed no information. She shrank from her child's look, and sitting down began to talk almost volubly.

"I went further than I meant to go; the morning was so lovely and everything so still. Is it usually so still, so vacant, in summer, Mr. Fairfax? In the country we are used to it—but to see a place usually so full of young life in this state of quiet is strange. I met—scarcely any one," said Lady Markham. "William, you will have some more tea?"

Sir William did not make any answer. The letter which he had been holding up dropped, or rather the hand which had held it dropped upon his knee; and he was leaning back in his chair, Lady Markham could see with the corner of her eye—but she did not look at him, not wishing to risk the encounter.

"I thought I should be back before you were ready," she said. "We are all early this morning. I suppose it is because an inn is so unlike home. William—Oh!" She rose to her feet in sudden alarm. "Are you ill? What is the matter?"

He was leaning back in his chair, his head drooping against it, his face very pale, his mouth open and his breath labouring and painful, but he had not lost command of himself.

When his wife rushed to him he tried to smile.

"Feeling—faint," he said, feebly.

It was a weakness to which he had been subject before. While they hurried to get wine, eau-de-Cologne, all the usual restoratives, he, still keeping up a vestige of a smile, did his best to fold up the letter he was holding, and groped about for the envelope.

"I will put it away," his wife said; but he made a slight negative movement of his head and succeeded in pushing it into a letter-case, which he always carried. The envelope had dropped on the floor. Who thought anything of it? He had things to move him quite sufficient to account for any disturbance of the heart without seeking for further causes. After a while the faintness passed off, his breathing improved, his heart began to beat naturally, and he came, or seemed to come, to himself. When he went up stairs with Lady Markham's anxious attendance, Alice and the young man remained alone. These few minutes had done as much as weeks generally do towards the growing acquaintance of these two young persons. Fairfax had ran hither and thither to get whatever they wanted. He had supported Sir William up stairs. He had shared in the alarm, the confusion, the trouble of the moment. Alice came down with him after her father had been established in his room, to think of the civilities which were due to a stranger. The half-eaten meal on the table, the confusion of chairs, the air of human trouble and agitation in the place had already made the bare room more like an inhabited house. Alice faintly begged her companion to take his place again.

"Mamma will come presently. He will want nothing but quiet and rest: he has been—worried—you know."

"Yes," said Fairfax; "it throws a light upon some things I never thought of before. My people are robust, fortunately; they are only uncles and aunts, who don't suffer in the same

way as one's parents, I suppose. But, Miss Markham, if any one had cared as much for me—I have given a great deal more cause for anxiety than your brother has done. When I see how you are all upset it makes me blush for myself."

"Oh, Mr. Fairfax, it is so kind, so good of you to say so."

"Is it?" he said, with genuine surprise; "now I wonder why? There is no goodness about it, I fear, one way or the other. Only there are lots of us that don't realise—that can't understand."

Alice's heart grew quite light. She considered that this independent testimony was as good as a vindication of Paul. A young man, a comrade, must know all about him, that was self-evident; and when he declared so distinctly Paul's superiority to himself what doubt could there be that such an uncalled, generous witness must be trustworthy? She could have laughed, or cried for pleasure.

"I should like mamma to hear you," she said. "I suppose it is because he is so much to us all that we are so foolish. You don't think he will really go away? That is what worries papa. He wants him to go into parliament, and public life."

Fairfax laughed.

"He is a lucky fellow. It is not possible to imagine that he could willingly throw away all these chances; but if I can answer for Markham's heart I can't answer for his head, Miss Markham. The one is as right as a compass, but the other is packed full of crotchets I must allow; and what he may be able to do in that way, how far he may go, I would not undertake to say."

Alice's countenance fell, then brightened faintly again with a little light of opposition.

"You may call them crotchets, Mr. Fairfax, but I am sure Paul's ideas are convictions, and what can he do but follow them out?"

"Ah, that is giving up the question," said the other. "I believe they

are convictions; but you may be convinced of a foolish thing as well as a wise one."

"What he says is not foolish. I do not agree with it," said Alice, "but it is fine, it is noble; he would do what our Lord says, give up everything to the poor."

Fairfax shook his head.

"It sounds very fine in that way, Miss Markham; but that is not how Paul puts it. It is not giving to the poor, but sharing with his equals that is his thought, and I do not think you would like that. If they all had their share to-morrow, half would have two shares next day—at least so everybody says," he went on with a laugh—"all the philosophers; and I am sure Paul would have no share at all. He would have given it away to somebody who persuaded him that he had not drawn a good lot. 'Take it,' he would say, 'I can starve better than you can,' for he is a fine aristocrat, our friend Paul."

"Do you call that being an aristocrat?"

"To be sure; isn't it? A poor little *roturier* like myself has not the knack of it. I should say, 'Take a cut at mine,' as if it was an orange, and hack at it myself among the rest. But Markham does things with a grand air. He will always have it; indeed, I think that when he had got his share to which he would allow he had an indisputable right, he would prefer to give it away in a lordly manner, and keep nothing but his magnanimity. That is what he is doing now."

To have such an audience as Alice, with that glow of tender gratitude and pleasure in her eyes, looking up to him, fixed upon his face, her smile following every word of this pretended impartial and philosophical description, was worth any man's while. He was tempted to go on romancing about Paul, giving him not only the praise he felt his due, but a great deal more, in order to secure a little longer that rapt attention. But perhaps it was better to stop, and leave her time

enough to say with her hands clasped, and her whole soul in her look—

"Mr. Fairfax, you make me very happy. They have whispered things to mamma which have made her wretched; but it is 'nothing but his magnanimity:' that was what you said!"

Lady Markham opened the door, and came into the room before Fairfax could reply. She was preoccupied, and took no notice of the conversation that was going on.

"Your father has fallen asleep," she said; "he is very much exhausted. Oh, how I wish we had not left home." Then she perceived Fairfax, and added with a change of tone, "You have had no breakfast. Alice, I thought you would attend to Mr. Fairfax."

"Oh!" cried Alice, "do you think he cares about breakfast when we are in such trouble? He has been telling me about Paul. Mamma, listen to him. He must know. He says it is all Paul's magnanimity—that was the word."

"Oh, my dear, my dear," cried Lady Markham, "it is my fault. I have made everything worse. Oh! why will women interfere? We ought to have stayed at home, and had patience. What can we do one way or another? I have behaved like a fool and got my boy into more trouble. And now your father. What shall we do if he is ill too?"

"Mamma, it is impossible that you can be to blame."

"Quite impossible!" cried Fairfax. What gave him any right to speak? Yet they took it as a matter of course. "And pardon me, Lady Markham, I do not think there is any one much to blame. There is no harm in it at all. If you could but see behind the scenes as I do! Spears is an enthusiast—say a fanatic; he believes all he says, and Paul believes him, and thinks he thinks with him; but he does not altogether; and they will differ more and more as time goes on. Patience, and it will come right."

"Ah, if I could have had patience!

"Do you know what anxiety means?" said Lady Markham. "It is a determination not to be unhappy. What does it matter whether I am happy or not—I have been very happy all my life. I ought to bear it, and wait till God sends a cure; but we would not, Alice—we would rush into it, knowing nothing, meddling. Oh, why should women interfere!"

This strained Alice's sense of natural justice.

"Have not women as much to do with it as men?" she said.

Lady Markham shook her head.

"I have made things worse—I have made everything worse. Mr. Fairfax, will you go and tell Paul that his father is ill? Oh no, I have no right to ask you to take so much trouble; but you are kind, I know. You have a mother who would go out of her senses too, if anything was amiss. When you tell her she will explain it all to you; how foolish, how foolish a woman can be. Go and tell him that his father is ill. His father is not a man to be ill for nothing. He will see it is no light matter when he knows that his father is ill. There is something—a little—the matter with Sir William's heart—not much, thank God; but we ought to spare him. Will you tell Paul?—but Alice, Alice, how could you be so careless, Mr. Fairfax has had no breakfast!"

Lady Markham rose hastily, and drew a chair to the table, and turned to him, pointing to it, with a tremulous smile about her mouth, though the tears were standing in her eyes.

Was it possible that it was only yesterday he had come to know them? He hurried out with his message, quite agitated by the sight of this family trouble. It was no affair of his, and he had no mother as Lady Markham suggested, to make him understand; but his heart seemed to be suddenly filled up like an empty vessel with these new people's affairs. He tried to laugh at himself, but stopped in the midst of the effort, growing portentously grave. Why should he

laugh! If Sir William was ill, and Paul on the point of abandoning his natural position and his native country on a wild-goose chase, with which in all probability he would soon be utterly disgusted, circumstances were very grave for the Markham family. Perhaps Fairfax felt it all the more strongly that he in his own person had no family to abandon. He felt the want so much that he wondered all the more at one who, with all these pleasant things belonging to him, should be willing to throw up everything, and go off into the wilds with Spears—with Spears! he repeated to himself with indignant, yet half-amused surprise. He did not know anything about Janet, for the very good reason that till this morning there had been nothing to know.

Fairfax walked very rapidly to Paul's college, but did not find him. As he however came slowly back again across the deserted quadrangle, he met young Markham coming gloomily along, his head down, and his countenance obscured. There was a sort of dull decision in Paul's aspect, as if all his affairs had been settled at a stroke, as if the hopes and uncertainties of ordinary life were over for him. He who held his head so high, whose step was so light and elastic with all the rapidity of a visionary, came along now crushing the grass with a heavy foot, all the lightness and youthfulness gone out of him. Fairfax looked at him with an impulse of wonder. This favourite of fortune, so much beloved, important to so many, with the world at his feet, what could have put so much perverseness into his mind that he, of all men in the world, should be discontented with his lot! How wonderful it was! Paul did not want to be accosted, to be disturbed in his gloomy thoughts by any frivolous interruption. He was about to pass with a sullen nod when Fairfax stopped him against his will.

"Markham, I am sent to tell you that your father is ill."

Paul stopped, and regarded him with sudden anger.

"What the devil," he said, with altogether uncalled-for indignation, "have you to do with my affairs?"

"Nothing in the world; but your father has been taken ill at the hotel," said Fairfax. His cheek flushed, too, but he subdued himself. "Lady Markham sent me to tell you. I have nothing to do with it," he said; then went on, while the other stood and glared at him. Fairfax felt the blood boiling in his veins; but to quarrel with the undutiful son was not in his *consigne*. A man with three such people hanging (it seemed) their happiness on his wayward conclusions: his father ill, his mother with those beautiful eyes all strained with anxiety; his sister—Fairfax's eyes grew dim, as with a dazzlement of light, as he seemed to see before him Alice, with her head raised, her hands clasped, her blue eyes full of emotion—all for Paul. Good heavens! who dared speak of equality? This fellow, who was ready to share everything with his neighbours—how insensible he was to all those happinesses which he could not share.

CHAPTER XXII.

PAUL did not at first obey the call thus sent to him. He lingered, angry that his friend should interfere as he said. He knew it was not interference, but the pride which was so strong in him, notwithstanding all his theories, resented haughtily the intrusion of a stranger into his family. Paul's theory was far from being complete. He was ready himself to abandon all he possessed, and to assert it as a necessity that every honest man should do the like, receive his share and nothing more; but he did not contemplate the idea of a general descent of his family into the wider ranks of common brotherhood. That his father should share his ideas, and resign his wealth and position, was a thing incredible he well knew; and curiously

enough he had never thought of it. Whatever happened in the way of levelling, it had never seriously occurred to him to think that the Markhams would be as the Spears, as the grocers or the hatters. (Grocers and hatters by the way are always excluded in visionary schemes of revolution. One must draw a line somewhere; and both the rich and poor draw it at the shopkeeper.) Such a thing could not be; it was impossible. Were there a republic proclaimed in England to-morrow, was there a general confiscation and redistribution of everything, making all men the same, the Markhams could not be as the Spears. It was not possible.

But still more hotly, as in the presence of real danger, Paul's pride stood up against the possibility of the Markhams being as the Fairfaxes.

Richard Fairfax was his friend; he was a gentleman—yes, no doubt, in himself a gentleman—but not as the Markhams were gentlemen. He was a nobody; he was the son of a nobody. He did not belong to the Fairfaxes of the north or of the south. He had a good name, but no more. What had such a fellow to do in Alice Markham's company? Spears at the Chase was an eccentricity of his own, which made Paul feel himself above prejudice, and nobly superior to the conventional maxims of society; but Fairfax there affronted his pride. The two things were quite different. The same rules did not seem to apply to the noble working man, who was above them, as to the gentleman who was only a gentleman in his own right. That his mother should have formed a kind of alliance with this young man (though his own friend) irritated him beyond measure. Women were so easily taken in. Good manners, and a look of good breeding—so easily acquired nowadays when everybody is formed in the same mould, and all kinds of people can achieve the hall-mark of public schools and universities,—was enough to take in a

woman. Had Paul been consulted, no such person should have entered the sacred precincts.

Yet Paul was a democrat, on the verge of surrendering everything, and throwing in his fortunes with a little communistic party! The inconsistency did not strike him, or if it ever stole across his mind, he repelled the consciousness with a hot protestation within himself that it was not at all the same thing. That Spears should be his equal was a thing to fight for, a thing that could never derange the inborn sense of aristocracy; but that Fairfax, who was so near his equal, should be his equal—therein lies the danger, which instinct seizes upon, which rouses pride in arms.

This proud distaste and discontent occupied his mind at first to the exclusion of every other feeling. And when that faded, it may be allowed that Paul had some cause for a disinclination to see his mother. What had she done? She had dragged down upon his head the humble roof under which he had intended to find shelter. She had thrown him into the arms of those with whom indeed he was eager to consort, but whose embrace was no way attractive—nay, was repulsive to him. She had changed all his circumstances, vulgarised his plans, degraded him from the rank of a political apostle into that of a wretched besotted lover. Young men who are not in love, and in whom the intellect predominates, are apt to be very hard upon what they consider the delusion, the incredible folly of such a passion. To sacrifice freedom, personal independence, the unnumbered lightness of manhood, for the sake of a woman, seems to them the most ridiculous of mockeries until the moment comes when they share it. This was Paul's way of thinking. It was an outrage to his nature and mental powers to make him appear to be doing that for Janet Spears which he was doing from the highest principle. And this was what his mother, with her womanish interpretation of his high aims and

wishes, had made appear. He could not forgive her; and in this he was not without reason. He made many efforts before he could think with patience of the strange morning's work which had changed everything for him. No, he could not go to her so soon. He went to his rooms and shut himself in, sitting down among his books like any Roman among any ruins. Read! why should he read? These were useless tools of an old world, which he was about throwing off. "Honours!" what were they to him? The schools and the struggle had retreated into dim distance. A degree would be of far less consequence to him than a gun, and all his studies not worth half so much as the simplest lesson of his country breeding. To sit there, however, among all those relics of a time which was over, which had no more hold upon him, was gloomy work. And every refuge seemed taken from him. He did not want to go to the rooms of any other "man" where he might meet Fairfax. He could not go back to Spears; his heart revolted at the thought of going (as habit made him call the place where his parents were) home. He was walking about in this gloomy way, now gazing out of one window, now out of another, when a little tap came to his door, a light foot, a soft voice, and agitated face.

"Oh, Paul, may I come in?" Alice said. "Have you not seen Mr. Fairfax? He was to tell you papa was ill. We want you—oh, we want you, Paul."

"What has Fairfax got to do with it?" growled Paul.

"Mr. Fairfax! Oh, nothing, but that he was so kind; he helped papa up stairs. He came for you when mamma sent him. I do not know what we should have done without him; for—you were not there, Paul!"

"Not much wonder if I was not there!"

"Why? Mamma does nothing but blame herself. She cries and says we should not have come. Oh, Paul! and papa, I told you, has had one of

his faints. Will you come?" cried Alice, moved to tears, yet flushing high with a generous impatience; "or are we to be left to shift for ourselves?"

"She deserves it," he said. "What had she to do with it? Surely I am old enough to manage my own affairs."

"Is it *mamma* you mean by she? Then stay—or go where you like. Oh, how dare you!" cried Alice, wildly angry. "*Mamma!*" This stung her so that she went to the door hurriedly, going away; but that little flash of wrath was soon over. She stopped and turned round upon him, making another appeal. "You don't deserve that we should care for you; but we do care for you," she said. "Oh, Paul! when I tell you papa has had one of his faints—for what? because to think of you going away, forsaking us, giving up home, and your own place, and the people that you ought to care for, was more than he could bear. Paul! how can you leave us—leave Markham and everything you were once fond of—leave your duty, and the place you were born to?"

"My dear little Alice," he said, with a smile, glad to conceal a little melting of his own heart which was beyond his power of resisting, by this fine superiority, "speak of things you understand."

Then Alice flashed upon him with all the visionary vehemence of a girl in her own defence.

"How should I not understand?" she cried. "Am I so stupid? It is you who make yourself little, pretending to despise us girls. What is there to despise in us? We do not fill our head with pride and fancies like you. We love those who belong to us, and serve them, and do our duty as we know how. It is not we who leave our old father to suffer, or tear our mother's heart in two. It is not we that turn peace into trouble. There you stand," cried Alice, "a man! fit to be in parliament making the laws better—fit to be doing something for

them that belong to you, after learning, learning all your life, doing nothing but learn, that you might be good for something. And now, all you think you are good for is to emigrate, like the poor Irish. Is that all you are good for? Then you ought to be humble, and not dare to turn round and sneer and tell us to speak of things we understand. Understand! I understand that if you can do nothing better than that—if, after all, you can only betray us and forsake us, and be no use, no help to any one, it is a shame!"

Who can doubt that Alice's eloquence was broken with sobs, and her fury all blind with tears? She would not, however, for pride, let him see them fall, but turned away from the door with passionate haste, and flew down the deserted staircase, swallowing her sobs as best she could, and dashing away the hasty torrent from her eyes. She heard him laugh as she got out into the air in all her agitation, and this sound stung Alice to the heart.

But if she had known it, Paul's laugh was like the ploughboy's whistle to keep his courage up. He had not expected any such onslaught, and he was not insensible to it, any more than she was to his scorn. For, after all, he did not in the least despise his sister, though it was so handy to pretend to do so. When he was left again among his ruins, though he stimulated himself, as by a sickly trumpet note of pretended victory by that laugh, Paul did not feel half so grand a personage as he could have wished, and for the next half hour or so there came and stabbed at him a little array of by no means pleasant thoughts.

In the afternoon, after some hours had elapsed, Paul walked into his father's room with a little air of defiance, and without any apologies. Sir William was seated in an easy chair, looking aged and worn.

"I am very sorry to hear that you have been ill, sir," his son said.

"Yes, I have been ill," said Sir William, "but it will pass off. I think the best thing for me is to get home."

"I should not think you could be very comfortable here," Paul said.

His mother was in the room, and his grievance against her rose up bitterly, and quenched the softer feeling which had moved him at sight of his father's pale face.

"It would perhaps have been better that we had not come. There are many things—that I must see after—in your interests. Paul, do you mean to come home with us? Whatever you may do hereafter, it would be best for you to come home now."

There was a momentary pause.

Sir William put forward no arguments, not even that of his own condition—and used no reproaches. But behind him appeared Lady Markham's face, pale and pathetic with entreaty. Her eyes were fixed upon her son with a look which he could scarcely withstand. And therefore Paul set his face like a rock, and would not yield.

"I don't see what good it would do, sir," he said. "You know my unalterable resolution. You know my principles, which are so much at variance with yours, and would prevent me from ever taking the position you wish. Why should we worry each other since we can't agree? Beside, other circumstances have arisen," he said, with a vengeful glance at his mother. "But before I sail I shall certainly come to say good-bye."

His mother's faint call after him, "Paul! Paul!" which sounded like a cry of despair, caught at his very heart, but did not bring him back. His feet felt like lead as he went down the stairs. Almost they would not carry him from everything that was in reality most dear to him; but the more nature held him back the more determined was his obstinate will to go. He would come back to say good-bye before he sailed. Was he leaving himself a place of repentance? But at present, though he was wretched, though his heart seemed to have an arrow through it, and his feet were like lead, he would not stay.

This was how it came about that Sir William appeared at Birtwood station, leaning upon the arm of a young man who was not his son. After Paul's visit he had another attack of faintness; and Fairfax, who came back in the evening to put himself at the disposal of the ladies, found them in great agitation, eager to get home again, yet half afraid to venture on the journey. He came back in the morning to help them to get their patient to the railway; and when they got there, Sir William, feeling the advantage of his arm, so held by him, that without either invitation or preparation, the young man, so strangely united to these strangers, came with them, not a word being said on the subject. He had not even a ticket, nor the smallest provision for a visit. What of that? The young fellow was of that light heart and easy temper to which no adventure comes wrong.

To be continued.

THE SHIRE AND THE *GA*.

THE Archaeological Institute met last year in Northamptonshire; it has met this year in Somerset. In neither case has it shown itself absolutely for the first time within the borders of the district in which it came together. But in each case its earlier visit was to a border city, an ecclesiastical city; it is only at the second gathering in each district that a temporal centre has been chosen as the place of meeting. The Institute met at Peterborough before it met at Northampton; it met at Bath before it met at Taunton. It would be hard to find two English cities whose histories are more unlike than the places of those two meetings. The settlement which grew up around the great fenland monastery of Saint Peter, the holy house of Medeshamstead, grew by degrees into a borough, and, by later ecclesiastical arrangements, into a city. The changes of our own day have given that city a growth such as it never had before, and have further clothed it with political attractions, which surpass those of every city or borough in England. Peterborough must be nearly the only constituency in the United Kingdom where it is thought nothing strange for two seats in Parliament to be fiercely struggled for by six candidates. Here is indeed a marked history, old and new; yet, from our purely antiquarian point of view, we should hardly venture to compare the history of Peterborough with the history of the Roman city, the English monastery, the Norman bishopric—the old borough Acemannesceaster, which by another name men

Bath call.² Yet, in the history of this Institute, a meeting at Bath and a meeting at Peterborough have thus much in common. A meeting in either of those cities cannot provide material for an exhaustive treatment, it can hardly provide material for a typical treatment, of the regions—I will not yet speak of counties—within whose borders those cities stand. A Bath meeting could hardly fail to extend its researches to objects lying beyond the land of the Sumorsætan, while it could examine only a very small proportion of the objects which lie within that land. Still less could a Peterborough meeting, brought together at the junction of so many shires, in the centre of a region which has a character and a history of its own independent of those of any shire, fail to extend its researches to objects lying beyond the shire of Northampton. And if a Bath meeting could take in only a small proportion of the antiquarian wealth of Somerset, a Peterborough meeting could take in only a yet smaller proportion of the antiquarian wealth of Northamptonshire. In both cases it is the second meeting which first gives the opportunity for any study of the land itself, as a land. A Northampton meeting ought to lead to a typical, even as far as opportunities may allow, to an exhaustive, examination of the region of which Northampton is the centre, and to which Northampton gives its name. A Taunton meeting ought to lead, if not to an exhaustive, at least to a typical, examination of the region of which, I must remind you at starting, Taunton

¹ An Opening Address to the Historical Section of the Archaeological Institute, at Taunton, August 7, 1879. I have here worked out more fully, with a special local reference, some facts of which I have spoken elsewhere. See Norman Conquest, vol. i. pp. 48, 570, ed. 3.

² See the song in the Chronicle, 973.

On ðære ealdan byrig,
Acemannes ceastre;
eac hi igbuend
oðre worde
beornas Baðan nemnað.

is not the centre, and to which it does not give its name. Bear in mind that distinction from the beginning. Taunton does not stand to Somerset in the same relation in which Northampton stands to Northamptonshire. Still, if we look on the land of the Sumorsetan, not as a circle but as an ellipse, those who, like myself, come from the spot which is in some sort the rival of Taunton must freely allow that Taunton is one centre out of two.

In passing from Northamptonshire to Somerset, the Institute passes from one of the regions of England most favoured in antiquarian wealth to another region no less favoured. The comparison and contrast between the two with regard to their buildings is attractive, almost fascinating; but I will not enter on it here at any length; it belongs to another section. I will point out one feature of contrast only, one which is in some sort connected with my present subject. Northamptonshire is, among all the shires of England, one of the richest, perhaps the very richest, in buildings of Romanesque date and style. It abounds in every variety of round-arched architecture, from those arches in the basilica of Brixworth which, whatever may be their date, are surely Roman in material, Roman in style, to those arches in the minster of Peterborough whose mouldings shew that nothing but conformity to an elder design kept their builders back from adopting the constructive forms of the then new-born Gothic. In the average Northamptonshire parish church we look at least for a Norman doorway, while in not a few we find other features of that style, reaching their climax in the rich capitals and arches of Saint Peter's in Northampton. And Northamptonshire has relics more precious still. Fragments of earlier days, arches, doorways, whole towers, built in that Primitive style which our earliest teachers brought from Rome, are here usual enough to cease to be wonderful. Here in Somerset one may go miles without seeing a trace

of even Norman work, and I doubt whether a midwall shaft is to be found between the Avon and Exmoor. I would ask you to bear in mind this single point of architectural difference between Northamptonshire and Somerset. The difference is incidental; it may be accidental; but, from my point of view, it is not without its teaching.

But my immediate point is that, while Northamptonshire and Somerset alike claim their place among the most historic regions of England, the historic interest of the two regions is of quite a different kind in each, and that the difference is of a kind which is not merely accidental, but one the cause of which goes up to the very beginnings of the English nation. The difference may be summed up in a few words. To what proportion of my hearers will my words convey a meaning, if I say that the difference is this, that Somerset is an immemorial *gá*, while Northamptonshire is a comparatively modern department, a *shire* in the literal sense? If these words do not convey a meaning as yet, I trust to make them convey a very distinct meaning before I have done. As yet I will only ask you to notice some outward points of difference between the two regions, some palpable facts, some familiar ways of speaking, by which I hope to lead you up to that perhaps still mysterious definition as the only key which will explain them. I have already asked you to remark that Taunton does not hold the same position in the land where we are now met as Northampton holds in the land where we—that is the Institute, for I was not there myself—met last year. I asked you to notice the very obvious truth that Northamptonshire is called after the town of Northampton, while Somerset is not called after the town of Taunton. But, more than this, as the land of Somerset is not called after the town of Taunton, so neither is it called after any other town. There is indeed within its borders a town bearing a cognate or kindred name, the King's town of

Somerton. But the land of Somerset is not called after the town of Somerton; the names of the land and of the town are simply cognate, derived from a common source, but neither of them derived from the other. But the difference is not merely a difference of names: it is also a difference of facts. There is no town, Taunton or any other, which stands to the land of Somerset in the same relation in which the town of Northampton stands to the shire of Northampton. Northampton is beyond all doubt the local capital; no other town in the shire is likely to dispute its precedence. It has every claim to that rank. First of all, it is very central. It is possible that some of the smaller towns may be geographically still more central; but, if so, the difference is so slight as to be altogether overbalanced by the fact that Northampton is, and always has been, the greatest town in the shire. If it happens that there is any Northamptonshire magistrate here present, I would ask him whether it ever came into his head to propose that the assizes or sessions of his county should be held anywhere but at Northampton. I can remember when, at a Northamptonshire election, the one polling-place was Northampton; and, if there was to be only one polling-place, it was certainly the best place for the purpose. But here in Somerset we have no one town which holds, or ever did hold, the same indisputable position as the local capital. The largest town is the Roman city of Bath; but that, lying as it does in a corner, is wholly unsuitable for such a purpose. Taunton does not lie so completely in a corner as Bath; but we of Wells sometimes keenly feel that Taunton is not a geographical centre, and the map will show you that it is a great deal nearer to Devonshire than it is to Gloucestershire. Wells, more central than Taunton, is much smaller; Glastonbury, most central of all, and as such chosen as the dwelling-place of the chief constable, is smaller still. Somerton has

its cognate name and its precedence in Domesday; but it would hardly assert any more recent claims to the rank of a capital. Ilchester, rival of Bath in antiquity, has really more historic claim to be looked on as the local capital than any of the towns which I have spoken of. It was the place of the county elections down to the first Reform Bill; it kept its county gaol later still. But Ilchester lives only in the past; it has the memory of its elections and the memory of its siege; it has the presence of the beautiful mace of its chief magistrate; but it would hardly venture now to put forward a claim to be deemed the head of Somerset. As for assizes and sessions, they have been held at all manner of places, at Bridgewater and at Chard, and I doubt not at other places also, as well as at the towns which I have named. The present arrangement is to hold them alternately at Wells and at Taunton; and I do not think that it has ever been proposed at Wells that Taunton should be deprived of that privilege. In short, while there is no question as to what place is the one capital of Northamptonshire, there is no one town which has any grounds, geographical, historical, or practical, for putting itself forward as the one capital of Somerset. Now such a difference as this is not accidental; it must have some ancient historical cause. What that cause is we shall see presently; but before we come to it, I will ask you to notice one or two more points of difference between the two regions.

Look then at the names of the two districts. When I have spoken of Northamptonshire, I have always called it Northamptonshire; there is no choice in the matter; there is nothing else to call it, except the more formal style of "county of Northampton," which comes to the same thing. But have any of you noticed that, up to this point in my discourse, I have avoided using the word *Somersetshire*? I have spoken either of *Somerset*, or, when I meant to be a bit

archaic, of the land of the *Sumorsætan*. I do not know whether anybody has noticed it as a peculiarity that I said *Somerset* rather than *Somersetshire*; but I am sure that, if any one noticed it as a peculiarity, no one had any difficulty in knowing what I meant. Now one must always say *Northamptonshire*, because a distinction must be drawn between the shire and its capital. Here, where there is no capital, *Somerset* and *Somersetshire* are both justified by common usage. But *Somerset* is the form to be preferred on the ground of ancient usage, and in some phrases it is preferred in modern usage. I think we always speak of the parliamentary divisions as East-, West-, and Mid-*Somerset*. And here I believe we ought to thank our late representative Mr. Neville Grenville for getting us that last good English name, and saving us from having some outlandish form like *Central Somersetshire* tied to our tails. I believe that a point of view might be found from which the form *Somersetshire* may be thought to be more correct than *Somerset*;¹ but I am now speaking of usage. I cannot say offhand how early the form *Somersetshire* may come in, and it is proverbially hard to prove a negative; but I certainly do not remember any instance of its use in my own centuries, eleventh and twelfth, nor have I lighted on any instance of its use in turning over the indexes of several volumes within that period. It is not that the ending in *shire* was then unknown; it is familiarly added to some *pagi*,² only the "*pagus Sumersetenensis*" is one of those to which it is not added. In several passages the contrast is very marked. Take for instance some entries in the *Chroni-*

cles. In 878 the inhabitants of three *pagi* of Wessex flock to the banner of Ælfred. They are "*Sumorsæte calle and Wilsæte and Hamtúnscir se dél þe hire beheonan sé was.*" In 1015 Cnut harries "*on Dorsetum and on Wiltunscire and on Sumorsæton.*" In 1051 Odda is made Earl "*ofer Defenascire, and ofer Sumorsæton, and ofer Dorseton, and ofer Wealas [West-Wales or Cornwall].*" The next year Harold lands at Porlock "*neh Sumersætan gemeran and Defenescire.*" Henry of Huntingdon represents the second of these passages in his Latin by "*prædavit Dorset et Sumersæt et Wiltshire.*" In Domesday the forms are "*Sumersete*," "*Sumerseta*," while we have "*Devenescire*," and "*Wiltscire*." In the period of English history with which I have had most to do, the ending *shire* is no more added to *Somerset*—or to *Dorset*—than it is added to *Kent* or to *Cornwall*.

Why then is this? I answer for the present that certain *pagi* of England were called *shires* because they were shires, that certain other *pagi* were not called *shires* because they were not shires. *Somerset* belongs to one class, *Northamptonshire* belongs to the other. I ask you for the present to put up with this very unsatisfactory answer. I am yet only piling together my points of difference; I have not yet come to their explanation. We have as yet established these points of difference between the two districts which I am comparing. *Somerset* is not in early times called a shire; it is not called after a town; it has not, and never has had, any one town as its undoubted capital. It is essentially what in Switzerland is called *Land* as opposed to *Stadt*. It is a land of certain extent, meted out simply as a land, with out reference to towns at all. It has no one natural centre and meeting-place; its meeting-places have shifted from time to time, as has been found convenient from time to time. *Northamptonshire*, on the other hand, is strictly the district of a town. It

¹ I mean that, in strictness, a *Somerset* might be a man, one of the *Sumorsætan*, and *Somersetshire* might be justified as "*the shire of the Somersets.*" But in actual use, *Somerset* represents the tribe name *Sumorsætan*; the Domesday form *Sumersete* gives the intermediate stage.

² *Pagus* is the usual Latin word for shire or county, when the more technical words *scira*, *comitatus* or *conyulatus* are not used.

takes its name from a town; it gathers round that town as its natural centre and meeting-place. One in short is the shire of Northampton; the other is the land of the Sumorsetan.

I would again crave your indulgence while I go off into another most important point of contrast; in short, I would ask to complete my collection of phenomena before I begin the explanation of the phenomena. Let us now compare the position which the two districts hold in the general history of the larger whole, the kingdom, of which they alike form parts. The contrast which is thus supplied is most striking and instructive. Both are historic regions, full of great historic associations; but their historic memories are of different kinds, and for the most part belong to different ages. Northamptonshire is the richer of the two in contributions to the general history of England, while Somerset may claim the special interest which belongs to a land which has a history of its own. Let me put it in another way; the land of the Sumorsetan is older than England; the shire of Northampton is younger than England. Northamptonshire is simply part of England: it has no separate historic being of its own; Somerset is one of the earlier wholes by whose union England was made up. It has, in a certain sense, a history which may be said to end when the history of England as England begins. If we look through the history of England, at least from the eleventh century onwards, we shall find that an unusually large proportion of great national events, of battles, of councils, of national settlements, took place within the borders of Northamptonshire; but there is no history of Northamptonshire itself. There is a history of the borough of Northampton; there is a history of the abbey of Peterborough; there is doubtless a history, if we could only get at it, of every smaller town and parish within the shire. But of the shire itself, as a shire, there is no history. Northampton-

shire doubtless has its local annals, its lists of sheriffs and parliamentary representatives; but it has no history in the sense which I mean. Here in Somerset the case is different. The list of great events in English history which took place within its borders is not small; but we shall hardly be wise if we set up our land as in this respect a rival to Northamptonshire. We have our contributions to the general history of the kingdom, even in later times; but we shall do well to allow that Northamptonshire surpasses Somerset both in the number and in the greatness of the national events which it has beheld. But, if we go back to times before the eleventh century, the prominence of Somerset over Northamptonshire in our national annals is much more undoubted. That is to say, Somerset has, what Northamptonshire has not, a history of its own, a history set down in our national Chronicles, which carefully record the gradual making of Somerset as no small part of the gradual making of England. We hear of the land, its towns, its fortresses, as early as the sixth century; we hear of its folk by their own name early in the ninth. Of Northampton town we get our first mention early in the tenth century; its great historic importance begins in the second half of the eleventh. The first mention of the northern *Hamptonshire*—carefully to be distinguished from the much earlier mention of the southern—as a separate district bearing that name, comes earlier in that century, in the year 1011.

The name of Northampton borough thus first comes before us in the wars of Eadward the Unconquered; it was one of the towns which had to be won back from the Dane. The name of Northamptonshire first comes before us in the later struggle with the new Danish invaders, Swegen and Cnut. From that time onward, the shire, and above all its capital, stand forth, as I have already said, as the scene of a very large proportion of the great

events of English history. Northampton might dispute with Oxford the honour of being the great national meeting-place of Northern and Southern England. If it was at Oxford that under Cnut Danes and English agreed to dwell together under Eadgar's law, it was at Northampton that Harold held the great *Gemót* which acknowledged the earl whom Northumberland had chosen, and in which Northern and Southern England agreed to dwell together under the law of Cnut. If Oxford saw the granting of the great Provisions, Northampton saw the Parliament which carried on the work of Harold's *Gemót* yet further, by acknowledging Scotland as an independent kingdom. How high a rank Northampton held among the cities and boroughs of England, how it had supplanted cities of far greater and earlier fame, we see by a witness which is none the less certain because of the strange form that it takes. On the day that King Eadward was alive and dead, the four greatest cities of England were held to be London, York, Winchester, Lincoln. In the reign of Stephen, Exeter had supplanted Lincoln. But when the body of the quartered David had to be divided among the chief towns of England according to their rank, London got the head without doubt; York and Winchester disputed over the shoulders, which should have the right; the right leg went to Bristol, the left to Northampton. That is to say, the inland borough, of comparatively recent origin, no centre of trade, no dwelling-place of ancient kings or bishops, had risen to rank fifth among the towns of England, next after the ancient and immemorial cities and after the merchant borough whose happy position and far-reaching traffic had raised it to a level with them.

But the historical associations belonging to Northampton and Northamptonshire press thick upon us. It was within the borders of the shire, though not within the walls of its

capital, in the castle and by the forest of Rockingham, that Anselm, the born saint, in the simple might of his true holiness, stood face to face with the power and the wrath of the Red King. It was in the castle of Northampton itself that his imitator, Thomas, the artificial saint, withstood in another spirit a king of another mould, when cross and sword met in more than a figure as hostile weapons, and when the appeal was made from the king of Angles to the king of angels.¹ It was again within the borders of the shire, in the vanished monastery of Pipewell, that Richard of Poitou, in the former of his two short visits to England, held his great market for the sale of lands, honours, and pardons. It was there that — within the same shire which saw the acknowledgement of Morkere of Northumberland and of David of Scotland — he sold back to the Scottish Lion the special rights which his father had won over the Scottish realm. And these are only a few out of a crowd of councils and parliaments held within the shire, most of them in its capital. If we take in the history of the great abbey of Peterborough, we may bring it many a stirring tale, from the raid of Hereward and the stern rule of Turold to the days when old Scarlett buried two queens within the minster. And, if report speak true, it was the fact that the minster of Peterborough held the grave of Katharine which caused it to be spared to receive the grave of Mary. And the same land which saw Mary's burial, saw also her beheading. Not many miles off, by the banks of the same sluggish river, stands Fotheringhay, where the fallen choir of the church held the tombs of the princes of the house of York, where the small fragments of the castle remind us of the day when their descendant laid

¹ Herbert of Bosham (vii. 146) says of Thomas, "*Memento te extitisse regis Anglorum signiferum inexpugnabilem, nunc vero si signifer regis angelorum expugnaris, turpissimum.*" This play of words meets us everywhere.

her head on the block within its hall. Once landed in the region of personal incident, we might even mention that a Northamptonshire village was the scene of the romantic adventure which led Edward the Fourth to raise the widow of Sir John Gray to the throne which had been meant for a princess of Castile or of Savoy. And, going back again to the wider events of history, if Northampton and Northamptonshire have been the scene of councils, they have no less been the scene of battles. The great year whose later months saw the victory of freedom at Lewes had seen in its earlier months a heavy blow dealt to freedom at Northampton. The town was taken by the forces of Henry the Third; its defender, the younger Simon, was made a prisoner; the burghers were mercilessly plundered; according to one account they were ruthlessly slaughtered, on a charge, strange indeed, of a design to burn the city of London.¹ In another and less noble strife two hundred years later, when Englishmen were wasting their blood in genealogical disputes, the spot which had seen the victory of one Henry saw the captivity of another; in the meadows below Northampton the king-maker won the second of his battles, and for the second time had his king at his mercy. And, last of all, when the strife of the thirteenth century was fought again in the seventeenth, it was not indeed at Northampton itself, but within the bounds of Northamptonshire, that the victors of Naseby could give their glad answer to the question,

"O wherfore come ye forth, in triumph from the North,

With your hands and your feet and your raiment all red?

And wherfore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout,

And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye tread?"

¹ So say the Bermondsey Annals under the year 1263 (Ann. Mon. iii. 463); "Eodem anno villa de Northampton capta est, et populus in eo inventus occisus, eo quod ordinaverunt ignem furem ad comburendum civitatem Londonie."

Now I think that, after going through this long string of great events in our national history, we must allow that, for many centuries past, at least from the twelfth century onwards, more great questions have been disputed or decided, more great assemblies have been held, more great battles have been fought, on the soil of Northamptonshire than on the soil of Somerset. The reason is plain; it is a geographical reason. It is the central position of Northampton and Northamptonshire which caused so many important scenes of national history to be acted within the borders of the shire, and specially within or under the walls of the town. The central land of England, the land into which not a brook flows from any other shire, but out of which rivers flow into three seas, swelling the waters of the Wash, the Thames, and our own Severn sea, was, from its mere place in the map, likely to be the scene of great events. A national assembly must be held somewhere. In days when there is free choice in such matters, when all the business of three kingdoms is not done in a single town in a corner of one of them, that national assembly is most naturally held in some place near the centre of the kingdom. So, when armies are in the field, they will meet in battle somewhere; and, when two armies of Englishmen are engaged in civil war, they are more likely to meet for their decisive struggle in Northamptonshire than in Northumberland or in Cornwall. But mark that the exact place depends on the accidents of warfare. If one army had been a little quicker or another a little slower, the battle of Edge-hill might have been fought in Northamptonshire or Oxfordshire, and the battle of Naseby might have been fought in Leicestershire. Those battles were not fought in the shires in which they were fought out of any reason specially affecting those shires; they were not struggles waged by the men of those shires for any special objects of their own. Nearly all the events which I

have gone through help to bear out my proposition that, though Northamptonshire is a land which plays so great and constant a part in English history, there is no such thing as a history of Northamptonshire itself.

And I do not any the more shrink from saying this, because there is one most important point in which we may truly say, perhaps that Northamptonshire itself, certainly that a region of which Northamptonshire is a very considerable member, has in some sort given the law to England. I mean in the matter of language. I have myself tried to bring forward the fact which others have brought forward as well as myself, that the polite and literary speech of England, while it is neither the speech of Northumberland nor the speech of Wessex, is the speech, if not exclusively of Northamptonshire, at least of a region of which Northamptonshire is part. But again what is the cause? Doubtless the central position of that region. The strongly marked Saxon speech which has fallen back from Kent to Somerset was not likely to make disciples in Yorkshire. The strongly marked Anglian speech, fresh wrought in a large region under Danish influences, was not likely to make disciples either in Kent or in Somerset. But Yorkshire, Kent, and Somerset might all silently agree to take as their common classical standard the intermediate speech of the intermediate lands, a speech which could be understood by the men at either end, while the men at either end could hardly understand one another.

Now my position was that, while Somerset cannot pretend to have been the scene of so many of the great events of English history as Northamptonshire has been, it had the advantage of Northamptonshire of having in the strictest sense a history of its own. This feature actually comes out most strongly in the earliest parts of English history; but it comes out in the latest parts also. In the civil war of the seventeenth century Somerset can boast of no one event

like the fight of Naseby; it had its share in the struggle, but its share was mainly of a local kind. What we most think of in connexion with Somerset during the whole of the seventeenth century is the number of names which it contributes to the roll of the worthies of the age. The name of Phelps still lives at Montacute; the greater name of Pym is not forgotten at Brymore; the memory of Blake dwells at Bridgewater where he was born and at Taunton which he defended; none, I should deem, visit Wrington without giving a thought to the memory of Locke. Nor are the worthies all on one side; all cavaliers were not like Rupert and Goring; and Wells, ever prudent in the choice of its members, need not be ashamed of having been represented by Sir Ralph Hopton. But here I would again notice that the chief local events of Somerset in the seventeenth century are essentially local events; they are local in a sense in which the fight of Naseby is not a local event in Northamptonshire. When Blake defended Taunton, he was not merely defending a strong military post which military needs required should be defended; he was something like the defender of a free city; he was the defender of a town which had a character and an interest of its own; he was the leader of burghers who knew for what they were fighting and whose hearts were thoroughly in the cause. Taunton in the West was as eager to keep Goring outside its walls as Colchester in the East was eager to get rid of him when he had got inside. Only Taunton has the advantage over Colchester that its siege has not become the subject of a myth. But go on a little later, to the last fighting which this part of England has seen, to the days of Monmouth's insurrection. Perhaps I should not call Sedgemoor the last fighting, as there was a skirmish at Wincanton a few years later; but Sedgemoor was, as Macaulay says, the last fighting in England which deserves the

name of battle. Now that battle was essentially a local battle; it was not merely part of a general struggle which happened to be decided in Somerset, as the fight of Naseby happened to be decided in Northamptonshire; it was a local warfare, a warfare which the men of the shire, or a large party among them, waged on their own account. It was strictly local; it was strictly popular; it was a struggle in which Taunton again plays its characteristic part; it is a struggle which is but a small matter in the general history of England, but which fills a great space in the special history of Somerset.

But it is after all in the earliest days of the history of England that we can best see the special character of the history of Somerset. Nowhere else can we so well see a land in its making. Nowhere else can we so well trace out the process by which a land became bit by bit an English possession, how this battle gave our forefathers the dominion of such an amount of British soil, how, after a lapse, sometimes only of a few years, sometimes of a whole generation, the frontier was again pushed forward as the result of another battle. This Institute, even those of its members who have least locally to do with Somerset, must be familiar with this part of the history of the land in which we are met. For it was at successive meetings of this Institute that the process was first explained, clearly and unanswerably, in the memorable discourses of Dr. Guest. Three, perhaps four, periods of conquest, three or four swoops down on the devoted land, made the whole region from the Avon to Blackdown English. The territory thus won bit by bit from the Briton became one of the constituent parts of the West-Saxon realm, the land of the Sumorsetan. The same process doubtless went on in other parts of Britain; but nowhere else are we allowed to see it before our eyes with the same clearness. In Kent and Sussex we

can trace the formation of a kingdom; but those kingdoms reached their full extent at an early period of their growth. It is in the history of the West-Saxon kingdom that we can best see how a kingdom went on growing; how it made a conquest; how it received a check; how it waited years before it made another conquest; how it lost on one side and gained on another, till it took the final shape in which it became one of the component parts of the greater whole of England. And no part of the growth of Wessex is so clearly written as that which sets before us the making of the land of Somerset by the conquests of Ceawlin, Cenwalh, Centwine, and Ine. The process is a part of general English history; for it is a part of the growth of England. But it is part of the growth of England only by being the growth of one of those smaller settlements by whose union England was to be made.

The land of the Sumorsetan was thus formed, in the space between the years 577 and 710, as one of the states which made up the kingdom of the West-Saxons. It was ruled, we can hardly doubt, by one of the under-kings of the royal house, of whom we know that there were at one time as many as five at once. As the unity of the kingdom grew, under-kings gave way to ealdormen, and more than one ealdorman of the Sumorsetan plays his part in the great struggle with the Danes. And I need not add that one, and the greatest, of the kings of the West-Saxons made one spot in Somerset the centre from which to win back the West-Saxon realm when for a moment it was lost. But remember that it was only for a moment that Wessex was lost, and it is the fact that it was only for a moment that it was lost which makes the main difference between the historical position of Somerset and of Northamptonshire, between the historical position of the West-Saxon and the Mercian shires generally. We have seen that we have a history of Wessex, a history of Somerset, from the earliest

possible moment. We have no such history of Mercia as we have of Wessex; but that is simply because it is not recorded; the same process of gradual conquest from the Briton must have gone on in both cases. And as we have a history of Somerset, so we might, if it had chanced to be recorded, have had a history of any of the states which went to make up the Mercian whole, of the Wocensetan, the Cilternsetan, the Pecssetan, and the Elmetsetan, of the Gyrwas and the Lindesfaras, of the Noxga gá and Ohta gá.¹ But Northamptonshire, as Northamptonshire, could not have such a history. I think you will see by this time that there is an essential difference between a land of which we can trace the gradual formation from the sixth century onwards and a land whose name is not heard of till the eleventh century—between a land gathered round a town, called from a town, of which that town is the natural head and centre, and a land which has no head town, no natural or historical centre, above all, which does not bear the name of a people. Here we at last come to the main difference; the one is the *shire* of Northampton, the other is the *gá* of the Sumorsetan. Let me use this old word *gá*, the High-German *gau*. We can just prove that it was in English use; for we know that there was somewhere in Mercia a Noxga gá and an Ohta gá, though Mr. Kemble himself seems to have been unable to find out exactly where those *gás* lay. This most ancient name has been fairly driven out of the language by a name younger, though still very ancient, the name *shire*. *Gá* and *shire* alike translate the Latin *pagus*, the district which we now call *shire* or *county*. But the two names look at the district from different lights; their own etymological meaning is wholly different; they seem to point to difference in the districts called by each. Now in English the name *gá* or *gau*, still familiar in

Germany, everywhere died out; but the name *shire* did not everywhere come in. To many counties of England the ending *shire* is never added. Some of us may have heard the phrase of going into "the shires," as distinguished from those parts of England which are not shires. No one ever adds the word to Kent, Cornwall, Sussex, Essex, Middlesex, Norfolk, Suffolk, North-humberland, Cumberland, or Westmoreland. No one who knows local usage ever adds it to Rutland. And, leaving that last mysterious little district alone, the reason in the other cases is plain. None of those districts are historically *shires*. A *shire* is in strictness a division, something *sheared* off from a greater whole. Now the lands which I have mentioned are not divisions; they are not sheared off from anything greater; they are not divisions of the kingdom of England; they are ancient kingdoms and principalities whose union helped to make the kingdom of England. And the like rank I claim for the lands of Somerset and Dorset. They are not shires cut off from anything greater; they are the territories of tribes, in other words *gás*, which went to make up the kingdom of Wessex, and thereby the kingdom of England.

The root of the whole matter is that the names Somerset and Dorset are strictly tribal names. The name of the tribe and the name of their land is one. A thing is always done "on Sumorsetan," "on Dorsetan," while things done in the neighbouring lands may be done "on Defenan," "on Wilsetan," but may also be done on "Defenascire," on "Wiltunscire." This usage of language is exactly as when a thing is done "on West-Seaxum," "on East-Englum," "on Myrcnan"; the land has no name apart from its people. So it is with old Greek names like *Lokroi* and *Leontinoi*; so it is with modern German names, like *Preussen*, *Hessen*, *Sachsen*. In our own language the plural form *Wales* is another case of the same usage; it is clearly *Wealas*, the name

¹ See the list in Kemble, Saxons in England, i. 81.

of the people used as the name of the land. *Somerset* then, *Sumersete*, *Sumer-seta*, *Somersetan*, all the forms that the name takes in English or in Latin, is the land of the *Sumorsætan*; *Somerton* is their town. I will not pretend to decide what is the origin of the first half of the name; the derivation which makes *Somerset* the *ætiva regio* is so easy and tempting that one is half afraid that it cannot be right. But as to the second half of the name there is no doubt. *Sætan* is a word of the same origin as *sit*, *settle*, and other kindred words; we use the same phrase every day when we talk of *settlers* and *settlements* in Australia and elsewhere. The *sætan* in any district are those who *sit* down or *settle* in it; the form is therefore a common ending of tribe names. In Wessex we have the *Sumorsætan*, the *Dorsætan*, the *Wilsætan*. In Mercia we have seen the names of some ancient tribes whose memory has perished from the map and even from history. Such are the *Pecsætan* or settlers on the Peak, the *Wocesætan*, whom Mr. Kemble takes to be rather *Wrocensætan*, the settlers by the Wrekin. So in a kindred land we have the land of *Elsæsa*. Its English form would be *Ilscætan*, bringing us strangely near to our own *Ilchester* and *Ilminster*,¹ as *Strassburg*, *Strateburg*, brings us near to our own *Street*. And there are two Mercian tribe-names, which have not perished with the rest. The land of the *Magesætan* is now known as Herefordshire; but their name is not wholly lost; it lives in *Maisemore* and on *May Hill*, the high hill between Gloucestershire and Herefordshire.² Had Here-

fordshire kept its tribe-name, the modern shape of that name would be *Mayset*. But the *Scrobsætan* have done more than this; they have given their name to *Shropshire*, the only Mercian shire which keeps a tribe-name; and, like our own *Sumersætan*, *Dorsætan*, and *Wilsætan*, the shire contains a town with a cognate name, the borough of the *Scrobsætan*, *Scrobbsesburgh* or *Shrewsbury*. Shropshire and Rutland are the only two Mercian shires which have strictly names of their own, not taken from any town.

A crowd of curious questions might be asked as to the names and the origin of the West-Saxon lands and shires. Some of them I have tried to answer elsewhere;³ some I might find it a little hard to answer. But I cannot enter upon them here. My object now is to contrast counties which are undoubted tribal settlements and which bear undoubted tribal names, a class of which Somerset is the best example, with counties which are mere *shires* or divisions, a class of which Northamptonshire is as good an example as any other. All the Mercian shires, save Shropshire and Rutland, are called, like Northampton, directly after a town. And, just as in the case of Northamptonshire, the town after which the shire is named is commonly one which lies conveniently central, and, except when it has been outstripped by the growth of other towns in later times, it is the greatest town in the county. I could go through the few apparent exceptions at some length, but I will mention only one, because I think it is the only one which concerns us. Buckinghamshire, a land once West-Saxon, is the only Mercian shire in which there is any room for questionings as to which town is to be deemed the local capital. But there is room for such questionings in every shire of Wessex in the later and wider sense—that is, in every shire south of the Thames—save only in Devonshire and Dorset, where the

¹ The likeness in the names of the rivers may be accidental, as *Ilchester* is contracted from *Ivelchester*. Another German example is *Holstein*, where the modern form might send us on a wholly wrong tack. But the Latin form *Holsatia* shows that we are dealing with the *Hollsætan*, the settlers in or by the wood. In English we should say *Holtset*, by this name perhaps *Holset*.

² About *May Hill* there is I believe no doubt. But a very competent authority threw doubt at the meeting on the derivation of *Maisemore*.

³ See Norman Conquest, i. 571.

position of the Roman cities of Exeter and Dorchester forbade all rivalry.

The name of every one of these shires suggests some curious point or other. But all that concerns me now is to point out the difference between counties like Somerset keeping an immemorial tribe-name, and which have no central town, and counties like Northamptonshire which have a central town, and which bear its name. Now what is the cause of this distinction? I believe it to be this, that Mercia, or the greater part of it, was conquered and divided by the Danes in 877, while the Danes tried in vain to conquer and divide Wessex in 878. In Mercia, save, it would seem, in the land of the Scrobbsetan, the old divisions, Gyrvan, Pecssetan, and the rest, passed away, as the ancient names of Derby and Whitby passed away, as the elder names of a crowd of smaller places must have passed away when they took names from Danish lords. When Eadward the Unconquered and his sister the Lady of the Mercians won the land back for England and for Christendom, when they founded many towns and fortresses, they seem to have mapped out the recovered land afresh.¹ They made new shires, shires in the strictest sense, divisions, departments. Only they called them after the chief towns; they called a shire Northamptonshire; they did not call it the department of Nen and Welland. And to each of these chief towns they allotted such a territory, such a *shire*, as lay conveniently round the town as a central meeting-place. There are some anomalies; nothing human is without them. But this account is true of Mercia as a whole; it is emphatically true of Northamptonshire, especially if we look on the *soke* of Peterborough as a separate district. In Wessex, on the other hand, and in the South of England generally, the Danes never settled. They came and ravaged; for a moment they conquered; but they never occu-

pied the land or divided it among themselves. At no time then was there any need for any general recasting of the districts which made up Southern England. There was nothing to hinder an old kingdom, an old *gā*, from living on as a modern county. And some at least of the old kingdoms, of the old *gās*, have lived on as modern counties. We have Kent and Sussex; we have Somerset and Dorset. Somerset and Dorset therefore, no less than Kent and Sussex, are no shires, no divisions, no departments, but component elements of England, older than England. Northamptonshire was made by the great King or the great Lady of the tenth century. Somerset was never made; it grew; it grew bit by bit from the victories of Ceawlin to the victories of Ine. It has therefore a history of its own, a history of its own growth, a history which in the nature of things comes to an end at a time somewhat earlier than the time when the new-made Mercian departments, which in the nature of things have no history of their own, first begin to show themselves on the general field of the history of England.

Up to a certain point then, a point early in the eighth century, the history of Somerset and the history of Wessex are in some sort the same. The growth of the *gā* was the growth of the kingdom. In Ine's day the new land was fully formed, as one of the lands which make up the kingdom. From that time of course its local history becomes secondary to the general history of the kingdom, first of Wessex, then of England. But till Wessex is finally merged in England, or rather has grown into England—till the West-Saxon name has passed away, lost in the name of the kingdom into which Wessex has grown—the land of the Sumorsetan keeps its place as one of the parts of the kingdom which is richest in its supply of historical incident and historical instruction.

And now comes in the distinction

¹ On the possible share of Ælfred, see Norman Conquest, i. 572.

which I drew long ago as to the nature of the strictly architectural wealth of the two regions. We all know that the architectural wealth of Somerset consists mainly of works in the later styles. I noticed that of Romanesque of any kind we have not much, while of the earliest form of Romanesque I think I may safely say that we have none at all. I hardly know why this is, as the abundance of good building-stone in both districts would doubtless cause stone to be freely used in both earlier than in most parts of England. But as a matter of fact, the memorials of the earliest style may be almost said to abound in Northamptonshire; in Somerset, if they ever existed, they have vanished. Now, even if this fact be accidental, there is a kind of poetical justice in it. Northamptonshire, which, setting aside the great abbey which hardly belongs to it, is barely visible in the earliest records of English history, keeps abundance of material memorials of those days, to remind us that the land which became Northamptonshire was already there, though under another name. Somerset, where so large a part of the earliest English history happened, which holds so prominent a place in our earliest records, could better dispense with material memorials of the days of which its very name is a witness.

Of the historic spots within the land—I may now say the *gá*—of the Sumorsætan several will be visited during the excursions which are proposed for the present meeting. And I would ask all who have come together to this meeting to remember that, wherever they tread in this land, they are treading in the very thick of West-Saxon history. Almost every spot has made its contribution to the history of the West-Saxon realm; almost every spot has its memories of kings and saints and heroes. We meet in the castle of Taunton, in the fortress of Norman times hard by the ancient *burh* of Ine. That later fortress at least represents the town and

stronghold which Ine reared to guard his newly-won land against the British enemy, the town and stronghold which Æthelburh did not shrink from burning, when it was turned about to purposes of home-born strife. We have made our way to Dunster; there we looked down on a coast almost every inch of which has beheld some stage of the warfare of the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries. There is the Parret's mouth, where in Egberht's day the invaders were smitten by Bishop Ealhstan and Ealdorman Osric; there, on either side, are Watchet and Porlock, where again they were smitten in the days of Eadward the Unconquered—Porlock where again Harold and Leofwine landed on their return from their Irish shelter. And some have placed within the circuit of the same bay the site of the Danish landing which led to the camp of Athelney and the fight of Ethandūn, to the baptism at Aller and the chrisom-losing at Wedmore. The geographical position of the land, the wide flat fenced in by hills, enables us to trace out the successive waves of conquest almost as in a map. The long line of Mendip guards the frontier stream of Ceawlin; the wilder heights of Quantock and Exmoor proclaim themselves as the natural strongholds where the Briton held out till the days of Centwine and Ine. The intermediate frontier of the Parret is less strongly marked in the general view of the landscape; but the conquest of Cenwalh is not without its visible memorial; the tor of Glastonbury stands as at once the sanctuary and the central point of the land which the second wave of settlement added to Somerset, to Wessex, and to England. In the Mendip line the greatest of its natural features, the pass of Cheddar, forms no marked object in a distant view; we cannot, save in their own immediate neighbourhood, look on the rocks which saw the perilous chase and deliverance of Eadmund the Doer-of-great-deeds; but the memory of his repentance and

gratitude may rise before us even among the greater memories of Glastonbury.¹ We visit the ground which once bore Æthelstan's minster of Machelney, and thence we pass to the more famous spot of Montacute. And at Montacute, Montacute itself must not be forgotten. Besides the church, the priory, the houses of the town, the mansion which preserves the memory of one of our local worthies, the hill of Leodgaresburh, the true *Mons Acutus*, may claim some thoughts. I do not ask that every one should climb it—I remember that the greatest of living scholars once found it a hard matter to reach the top of the sharp peak. But all may at least gaze on it from below. All may surely find their feelings as Englishmen stirred as they look on the hill round which gather so many memories of the days of England's struggle and overthrow and second birth. It was on that hill that the pious sacristan found, so the tale went, the wonder-working rood; it was at the foot of that hill that the willing oxen of the proud Tofig, unwilling as long as the names of the greatest English minsters were spoken, started at once as soon as they heard the name of Waltham as the goal of their journey. It was in honour of the cross of Leodgaresburh that Tofig first reared his minster, that Harold enlarged alike its foundation and its material fabric. It was the name of the Holy Cross, the holy cross found on that West-Saxon hill, which gave the war-cry to the host which gathered around England's last native king, alike on the day of victory at Stamfordbridge and on the day of overthrow on Senlac. And surely that cry was heard again when Leodgaresburh had newly become Montacute, when the sharp peak, hallowed in English eyes, had become the vulture's nest of the stranger, when the stronghold of the devouring Count of Mortain crowned the venerable height, foremost among those dens of oppres-

sion which made Englishmen shudder at the name of castle. There it was, around that height, that the last fight was fought for the freedom of the Western lands, the fight which sets the name of Montacute at least beside the names of York and Ely. When Exeter had fallen, when the whole land seemed conquered, when London and Salisbury were constrained to send their English contingents to the foreign host, the men of Somerset and Devonshire still rose in arms to wage war against the hated fortress, to fight, but to fight in vain against overwhelming odds, to be borne down by the arms of their own countrymen, and to feel in their hour of overthrow that the plunder of the Norman Count was after all less sharp than the subtler cruelty of the Norman Bishop.¹ No one name lives at Montacute, as the name of Waltheof lives at York, as the name of Hereward lives at Ely; but the men who last fought for England on the spot which gave England her war-cry are as worthy of a place in the bede-roll of England's defenders as their fellow-workers in other parts of our land whose personal exploits still live in history and legend.

I change the scene to give a few words to another spot whose memories are not of warfare. It is not my business here to dwell on all that the church and city of Wells has to show in the way of great works of the building art. I call on you rather, as you visit the earliest seat of the bishopric of the Sumorsætan to mark, what you can nowhere else mark so well, the arrangements of a great secular foundation which never, like so many others, put on the monastic garb. At Wells a greater number of the original ecclesiastical buildings, palace, prebendal houses, and vicars' close, still remain than in any other foundation of the same class. Nowhere else is so large a number of ancient buildings still applied to the purposes for which they were first designed. And mark too at Wells how an English bishopric differs

¹ See the story in William of Malmesbury's *Life of Dunstan*. Stubbs, *Dunstan*, 269.

¹ See *Norman Conquest*, iv. pp. 271—276.

from a continental one. The continental bishop was the bishop of a city; the English bishop, in the sees which are most purely of English origin, was the bishop of a land or a people. Bishop of Wells, still more Bishop of Bath and Wells, is the style of a later day. The Bishop of the Sumorsetan did not fix his *bishopsettle* in any city, as bishops afterwards did at Exeter and Norwich. He fixed it in his church of Wells, within his lordship of Wells. The little city grew up at the bishop's gate, and received its municipal rights from the bishop's grant. Here then is another class of town, a class specially English. By the king's town of Somerton, by the abbot's town of Glastonbury, by the lay lord's town of Dunster, we place, as an example of a rarer class than any of those, and as having a special history, the bishop's town of Wells.

But in the general history of Wessex and of England, I might say with truth, in the history of Britain and of Europe, the abbot's town counts for more than the bishop's town. The house which the conquering Englishmen honoured under the name of Glastonbury was no less honoured by the conquered Briton under the name of Inysvitrain, the abbey of the glassy isle of Avalon. Legend, as we all know, carries up the first birth of that great house to the earliest days of apostolic Christianity. Later inquirers have cut off some ages from its history, and see in it only a foundation of the sixth century, a church which arose as a new spiritual centre for the Pannonian Britons after the older sanctuary of Ambresbury had fallen into English hands. In either case, it is certain that Glastonbury was the one church of the first rank in England which stood as a memorial of British days, the only one which had lived unscathed through the storm of English conquest, and which received equal reverence from the conquerors and from the conquered. At Canterbury and York and London the Christianity of earlier days had been utterly swept away by

our heathen forefathers. The Roman and the Scottish missionary found a field ready to their hands, when all that survived of the elder day was here and there a crumbling and desecrated ruin to which men still pointed as the shrine of a faith which had passed away. At Canterbury and York and London there is no historic tie between the vanished Church of the Briton and the Church of the Englishman which still abides. A black night of heathendom, of greater or smaller length, parts off the one from the other by an impassable gulf. At Glastonbury it was not so. There the old British sanctuary lived on under English rule, and fell only at the hands of destroyers of baser mould in days which by comparison seem as yesterday. The very arrangements of the ruined minster still live as a speaking witness, to tell us what stood on that venerable spot in days of the hoariest antiquity. The church of wicker and timber, the primitive work of the Briton, lived on through English, Danish, and Norman conquests. It was enriched by the gifts of Ine; it beheld the devotions of Cnut when he made his offerings for the soul of the murdered Eadmund. To the east of that primæval church, the zeal of Dunstan in the tenth century raised a statelier minster of stone. The two stood side by side, witnesses of the sway of two successive nations, till both alike yielded to the grander conceptions of the architects of the twelfth century. And in a figure both live there still. The western Lady chapel, in later times overshadowed by the legend of Saint Joseph, still stands in its site and place, the representative of the church in which Arthur may have prayed, while the great abbey church to the east end of it no less represents the church which Dunstan reared, and around whose altar were gathered the tombs of the mightiest rulers of the tenth and eleventh centuries. The Briton, the Norman who had listened to his lore, believed that Arthur lay in the

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tomb before the high altar which bore his name. The Englishman knew that those walls sheltered the shrine of Eadgar the Giver-of-peace, the tomb of Eadmund the Doer-of-great-deeds, and the tomb of his descendant and namesake, the mighty Ironside. There is no other spot in Britain which like this gathers round it all the noblest memories alike of the older and of the newer dwellers in the land. Less exalted in ecclesiastical rank, less often in later times the scene of great events, less happy in having been handed over to the wanton will of the most ruthless of destroyers, the church of Glastonbury, in its ruined state, still keeps a charm which does not belong even to the mother church at Canterbury or to the royal abbey at Westminster. It stands alone on strictly English ground, as a witness of the Christianity of those ancient times when our fathers still pressed on in the name of Woden and Thunder to overthrow the altars and smite the ministers of Christ.

Again Glastonbury in this light, as the common sanctuary of Briton and Englishman, sets before us, more strongly than any other spot in the land of the Sumorsetan, one special historic characteristic of that land. It is the land where, for the first time on a large scale, Englishman and Briton sat down side by side as subjects of a common king, obeying a common law, and living under its protection. No such fellowship could arise in the days of heathen conquest, in the days when our fathers stormed the walls of Anderida and left not a Bret alive within them. The last heathen conquest in southern Britain, the last warfare of utter slaughter and havoc, was waged when Ceawlin, on the field of Deorham, pushed the West-Saxon frontier to the Axe. Things were changed when the Christian Cenwalh, the founder of the minster of Winchester, the protector of the minster of Glastonbury, went forth to win the slip of British ground by Bradford and the wider land between Axe and Parret. The

war was no longer a war of extermination. The conquered Briton sank into an inferior position as regarded his English conqueror; but he was no longer, as a matter of course, slain, enslaved, or driven out of the land. A British population remained in the country, a population which sooner or later learned, which in Somerset at least must have very speedily learned, to adopt the name, the tongue, and the feelings of Englishmen. We get our first glimpse of this new state of things in our earliest West-Saxon laws, the laws of Ine. Those laws are a marked contrast to the laws both of earlier and of later date. The earlier laws of the Kentish kings know only one race and speech in the land; all their enactments are made for men of English race only. So again the later West-Saxon laws, the laws of Ælfred and his successors, are the laws of a realm in which, if all men are not of the same blood, all at least are of the same speech and the same law. In the intermediate time of Ine we see another state of things. In his day the king of the West-Saxons ruled over a realm in which the barrier between two distinct races was broadly drawn. He legislates for a land in which Englishmen and Welshmen dwelled side by side, not yet indeed on terms of perfect equality, but still as subjects of the same prince, each in his place protected by that prince's law. In the realm of Ine, as there were Englishmen, so there were Welshmen, of various ranks. Among both nations there were bond and free; among the free there were men without land and men holding large estates. But in all cases the value of the Welshman, the value of his life, the value of his oath, is appraised at a lower rate than the value of an Englishman of the same rank. This clearly marks the position of the conquered, as men personally free, under the protection of the law, not forbidden the possession of landed

property and its accompanying privileges, but still clearly marked as a race inferior to their conquerors. This is something widely different from the grievous choice of death, exile, and bondage which was all that the Briton had set before him in the days of Ceawlin. But it is also something widely different from the state of things a hundred and eighty or two hundred years later, when in the laws of Ælfred the distinction of Englishman and Welshman is found no longer. And it must have been in Somerset that this new state of things, this dwelling of Englishman and Welshman side by side, was first seen on a great scale. It was to Somerset and to a small part of Wiltshire that this portion of the laws of Ine must have mainly applied. There could have been no great need of them in the older West-Saxon lands. There could have been few or no free Britons, whether *eorls* or *ceorls*, dwelling on the banks of the Itchin or the Thames.

In the days between Ine and Ælfred the British population in the land of the Sumorsetan must have been so thoroughly anglicized that the distinction between them and the English was forgotten. The Englishman had assimilated the conquered Briton, as he afterwards assimilated the conquering Norman. It was as the chief

of an united realm that the greatest of West-Saxon kings, the greatest of English kings, went forth from his shelter at Athelney to the fight at Ethandun, the storm at Chippenham, the meeting of diplomatists at Wedmore. One of those spots we shall at least pass by as we make our way to the hill of Montacute. The spot which sheltered Ælfred when all hearts but his had failed is after all the most memorable spot in this historic land. No trace is left of the abbey which the thankful heart of the great king bade to arise on the small island in the marsh which for a few weeks was the whole extent of free English soil in Britain. Yet the spot speaks perhaps more eloquently in its desolation. The patriotic magistracy of the oldest Wessex sold the lead of Ælfred's coffin to ease the burthens of Hampshire rate-payers. His foundation at Athelney, his burial-place at Hyde, keep no outward memorial of him. But his memory still lives wherever the English tongue is spoken; above all should it live, as the highest and noblest of many high and noble memories, in the land which his sojourn in his dark hour has made more truly his own than either the burying-place from which he has been cast forth or the birth-place where he is still held in honour.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

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CITY PAROCHIAL CHARITIES.

IN July last a committee of the late School Board for London issued an interesting and painstaking report on city parochial charities. Few subjects of inquiry, unless it be the City of London Corporation, and its so-called guilds or livery companies, offer more barren results in some respects; but although the School Board Committee could tell little that was new, they gathered together all available facts, and set forth the position of these small charities in all possible fullness. Their report is thus a storehouse of such facts as can be got at, and affords in that light alone curious and interesting illustrations of that benevolence of the "dead hand," which corrupts and blights all its victims. They tell of strange bequests for purposes which it is no longer possible to fulfil, or the interest in which has long since died out; of legacies designed to perpetuate the memory of the dead giver to all time, which still exist, and yield money to the parishes, although name, deeds, and all else have long been lost in oblivion. In this bulky volume we find, to take a few examples, that the parish of St. Pancras, Soper Lane, is blessed with endowments left for the purpose of paying for sermons on the deliverance of England from the Spanish Armada, and the Gunpowder Plot, and in commemoration of Queen Elizabeth's accession to the throne. The sums devoted to these purposes are still charged against the bequest every year; but whether the sermons are preached or not we cannot say. This same parish is also provided by the same dead hand with the means of paying for "two lanterns and four candles in Soper Lane, and the keeping clean of the preaching place at Paul's Cross;" but this part of the trust can be no longer heeded, and no one knows what is done with the money save the parish authorities.

There is a queer musty, charnel-house kind of flavour about a bequest of this kind, when we drag it out into the light of modern, gas-flaring, crowded, yet deserted London city.

Other candle-and-lantern-providing legacies exist, some for street-lighting, and others for "burning before the high altar,"—a "popish" vanity no longer permitted in the ordinary city churches, however near some of them may come to it. A sum of 4*l.* per annum left for a street lamp to the parish of St. Botolph, Billingsgate, is now applied in payment of rates. A Dr. Thomas White left a legacy to the parish of St. Dunstan's in the West, to provide the vicar, churchwardens, and as many ancient parishioners "as it could reasonably serve," with a dinner of two courses only, once a year. The present income of this trust is said to be 122*l.* 10*s.* per annum, and according to the accounts rendered, which however are only for 1876—77, of that sum over 20*l.* was expended on the dinner; 3*l.* goes to "education," *i.e.* to Christ's Hospital, not to the education of the poor; 48*l.* 15*s.* went to pay a "lecturer;" 9*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* to the church organist; and 31*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* was applied to "church purposes." Another odd bequest is that of Richard Budd, who gave, 250 years ago, property then valued at 300*l.*, the annual income of which was to be given as bribes of 3*d.* each to such of the poor as would attend morning prayers on Friday mornings in the Church of St. Giles's, Cripplegate. John Bancks left the parish of St. Michael Bassishaw 13*s.* 4*d.* a year to keep the parish pump in repair. This money now goes to pay poor rates. In addition to these, there are numerous legacies for bread doles and for coal distributions, as well as for apprenticeships—but we need not pursue this history further.

At present it will be more to the purpose to give the totals of the charities as summarised under their various heads by the School Board Committee. The following is what they say :—

"In recording the distribution of the income, the aim has been, as far as practicable, in the summary of the charities in the respective parishes, to state the appropriation in accordance with the terms of the bequest; and when information as to the original intentions of the founder cannot be traced, usage or the record in the Government return has of necessity been accepted as correct. In all cases preference is given to the way in which the money is distributable rather than distributed. Analysed by that light, the appropriation is as follows :—For church purposes (maintenance of service, payment of church officials, and whatever is considered part of church management), 36,046*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.* yearly; endowments (not for church livings, but) for clergymen and lecturers to deliver special sermons—as memorials on the anniversary of a founder's death, obits, masses for souls, commemoration of the nation being saved from destruction by the Spanish Armada, expression of thankfulness at the failure of the Gunpowder Plot, gratitude for the accession of Queen Elizabeth, or the reading of special prayers, &c., &c., 6,296*l.* 4*s.* 11½*d.* per annum; educational purposes, 18,467*l.* 17*s.*; apprenticeship, 2,169*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.*; in payment towards poor-rates, 10,012*l.* 7*s.* 2*d.*; for distribution in bread, coals, money, clothing, &c., 31,110*l.* 12*s.* 6½*d.*; total, 104,102*l.* 18*s.* 10*d.* a year."

This is a very respectable total sum for the old city of London, especially when we remember the fabulous charities now enjoyed by city merchants, west-end gentlemen, and others, under the name of the ancient city companies which have as realities long ago ceased to exist. There is enough money here to produce a good deal of that aggregation of the idle and destitute—that intensification of poverty and ignorance which, as Mr. Robinson showed so clearly in *Macmillan's Magazine* for January, is the usual result of so-called charitable bequests. And had old London city been like any ordinary town, the effect

of these charities would doubtless have been to make it a fine nursery for sturdy beggars. London, however, is not at all a city like other cities. Within the last thirty years, to go no further back, it has been almost completely transformed into a mere conglomeration of warehouses, banks, counting-houses and shops. In all that relates to its old life as a city it is a sort of fossil. The 112 parishes squeezed into its circumscribed area of about one square mile, are many of them not merely destitute of poor, but almost of all resident population. During the day every nook and cranny is more or less crowded, and all the city streets overflow with life; but at night a stillness as of the grave creeps over all, warehouses are shut and empty, and the many parish churches that still thrust themselves forward on every side, in the busiest thoroughfare as well as in the most obscure lane, have a ghostlike inappropriateness that makes a night walk through city streets eerie. So rapidly has the fixed population of the city been rooted out by recent street and other "improvements," and by the exigent demands of modern business, that in 1871 its numbers had fallen to 74,897. In 1801 the population was about 157,000, so that it fell off more than one half in seventy years. The new census will probably show a further reduction, for there are now only one or two "slums" within the boundaries. These are certainly models in their way, and serve to illustrate what London city cursed by the gifts of death-bed generosity, must have been in by-gone-days. That closely-packed quarter in the neighbourhood of Fetter Lane, for example, is in a perfectly loathsome state of filth and overcrowding. As drawn by Dr. Alfred Carpenter, in his recent report to the School Board, the picture it presents makes one's flesh creep with horror. He states that—

"There was no water laid on by which the closets could be cleansed, and the smell was necessarily abominable. This same condition was not uncommon in

some other parts of this neglected district. One of the houses in which a child had recently died was inhabited by a mass of human beings. It smelt so abominably that even I was glad to beat a hasty retreat. I found the father of the dead child occupying the top room of the house—he was suffering from illness; another child was just recovering from measles, and little children were sitting on the stairs nursing other little children, there being no room for them in the place. The smell in that house, the dirty state of everything connected with the floors, the bedding, and the walls, was enough to produce pallid looks, flabby cheeks, and feeble health, and amply sufficient to constitute it 'a pestilent and insanitary area' in the full meaning of the term. With scanty water-supply stored in a filthy place, nearly dark, the people without closet accommodation, almost without light, and no possibility of fresh air, it is no wonder that illness abounds among the children of that neighbourhood."

And this unsavoury disease-laden spot is close to the classic "Liberty of the Rolls," where the Rolls Office and Rolls Court stand. It is hard by Holborn, with its flaring shops, rich hotels, and grand warehouses, and all round it lie solicitors' offices thick as blackberries. The same, or even a greater, contrast exists at the other end of the city in the neighbourhood of Bishopsgate, in Aldgate, and the Minories; but there the pool of human corruption spreads outwards far beyond the city bounds, while the Fetter Lane abomination is a thing almost by itself.

With exceptions like these, London city is without a poor. Some of its parishes—parishes frequently covering only a few roods of ground—have almost no population. One, that of St. Benet Sherehog, had at the last census a population of but thirty-two souls; many have less than 100, and only fourteen have populations exceeding 1,000, while not a single parish in the whole city has 10,000. The Bank of England is built over the whole of one parish, St. Christopher le Stock, and part of two others adjoining. The little garden or

court in the middle of its inclosure was once the parish graveyard. Many other parishes are mere blocks of offices, inhabited only by the office housekeepers and their families.

But though the population has gone, the parochial charities remain, and year by year yield the large sum of more than 100,000*l.*, possibly very much more. It is therefore highly important that the public should know what is done with the money. In many instances it is impossible to distribute it according to the intention of the original donor. Expedients of all kinds have therefore to be resorted to in order that the incomes of the charities may get dispersed. Some parishes do get hold of a few paupers, and a good deal of money is made away with over them, but whether wisely or not it is impossible to say, for details are rarely or ever supplied. Judging, however, by the samples of charity administration that have come to light, the habit of concealment is most likely highly prudent. It is worth while giving a few samples of city parochial charity dispensation gathered from the interesting "analysis" appended to the report of the School Board Committee. We may quote almost at random, and shall find plenty like the following:—

In the case of Hammond's Trust in the parish of St. Andrew-by-the-Wardrobe the churchwardens spent 39*l.* 15*s.* out of money belonging to a charity for the poor, for flags, on the occasion of laying the foundation stone of the building for the Bible Society's premises. Out of Harrison's Trust, for 'general uses of the poor,' 53*l.* was paid in one year to the church choir.

In another instance, where about 76*l.* is payable to the poor of St. John the Baptist upon Walbrook, "only 7*l.* is paid to the poor personally," gifts being made to hospitals, asylums, church funds, and such like. This parish has altogether an annual income of apparently about 1,000*l.* a year, the greater part of

which appears to be diverted to uses not contemplated in its bequests. In some cases the city companies have quietly absorbed the greater part of the proceeds of charities, as in the following example :—

"In St. Vedast Foster parish Lady Gresham bequeathed on trust six houses to Sir Rowland Hill—'the comfort and relief of the poor being the thing she most earnestly desired to be accomplished.' Sir Rowland conveyed the property to the Mercers' Company, upon trust that they should pay out of the rents 9*l.* 10*s.* a year to the poor of three parishes, St. Vedast being one. At the date of the conveyance the property yielded 14*l.* 1*s.* 8*d.* a year. The value of the estate at present has not been ascertained: in 1819 it was recorded as yielding 902*l.* per annum. The 'Company,' however, continue to pay the sum of 3*l.* only to each of the three parishes."

There is a fine thoroughness in the misappropriation thus indicated that strikes the beholder dumb. The crime is indeed so uniform among these organisations, that it is gloried in and feasted over all the year round; so why should people object? No more favourite or common device exists for diverting to private uses the proceeds of charitable bequests than the one of interpreting a will literally when the amount to be paid is in question, and ignoring its terms in every other respect.

Instances of misappropriations, petty and large, might be multiplied, but the samples given will do for all. It is therefore only necessary to say, further, that one rule acted on by parish authorities who are in distress for want of a pauper, and who yet cannot make up their minds altogether to make away with its charitable funds in their hands, is to pay the money over in abatement of poor-rates. It is estimated that 10,000*l.* per annum goes in this way as a pauper dole to the richest class of ratepayers in the world. Another rule is to divert as much as possible of the money bequeathed for the uses of the

poor to the purpose of adding to the clergymen's incomes, or to pay for choristers to sing in empty churches or for repairs, decorations, feasts, and so on. Out of the total annual income, 42,300*l.* is set down as going in these directions, including money that may be legitimately so spent. Those parishes which have bequests for apprenticeship purposes are in as much difficulty as those with pauper doles to distribute. Most of the money now available—over 2,000*l.* a year according to the guess of the School Board Committee—must be misappropriated: much of it going, in some cases, in salaries and expenses. In all ways, in short, the immense funds available from these charities are wasted and misapplied; and the important question is—What ought to be done to put them to better uses?

Any answer to that question, to be at all complete, should be framed on the assumption that this money is really public property. The plea of many parish authorities, trustees, and so forth, that the funds arising from bequests of past generations are the "private" property of those appointed to administer them, or of the parishes to which they were originally given, is idle when weighed against the altered circumstances of the time. We doubt very much whether it ought to be legal for any person to assign property in perpetuity for so-called charitable objects. There ought to be strict bounds set to this pernicious, rotten, and moral rot-inducing kind of benevolence. But waiving that point, it seems the plain, common-sense view, that where circumstances have altered so notoriously as they have done in old London city, public interests demand that the people of the metropolis should obtain possession of, and benefit from, funds, which only a selfishly literal interpretation of deeds and wills can withhold from them. The idea of modern London never entered the dreams of the old donors. They thought of a city which should continue to all time what

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they knew it to be—a city where rich and poor lived together. The poor are now nearly all driven without the old city bounds, but their interest in it is as deep and real as ever. The money that pays their wages is mostly made within these bounds; their work is mostly directed from it; it is the heart and brain, so to say, of all the stir and activity of the modern agglomeration of millions called London. To the poor of greater London therefore the old city bequests ought to be given, and in no way could they be more wisely or worthily given than in helping to bring the means of education within reach of the poorest. Were but 50,000*l.* from these charitable incomes applied in aid of education, all School Board fees might be remitted.¹ I cite that merely as an illustration of a kind of charity which does not, cannot degrade. The more you educate a people the more you raise them in the social scale. But without discussing the question whether School Board fees might be remitted with advantage or not, it is safe to say that were the proceeds of the city charities devoted to such purposes as the institution and endowment of secondary schools, the foundation of scholarships, the payments of part of teachers' salaries, or the erection and maintenance of industrial schools, under the supervision of the School Board, the task of that Board and of the ratepayer would soon be far more than proportionately lightened.

In their report the School Board Committee set forth the following sums as in their estimation available for education out of these charities, and without stretching in any way the claims of the community:—

Church purposes	£10,000
Clergy and lecture endowments	5,000
Payments towards poor-rates	10,012
Doles	31,111
	£56,123

¹ *Vide* a "separate statement," by Miss Helen Taylor and Mr. Joseph Firth, appended to the report of the School Board Committee.

But putting the claim modestly at 50,000*l.* only, they suggest that, pending the report of the City Parishes Commission now at work, a memorial should be presented to Parliament setting forth the manner in which the Board would wish such a sum as this to be dealt with.

At present the School Board has no power to organise a system of secondary education. It can merely use bequests confided to it in furtherance of secondary education, or of any special branch of education at its discretion. In this direction the scope of its powers ought to be extended, and we hope yet to see the School Board for London taking cognisance of the whole educational machinery of the metropolis. A great public body is the fittest instrument for controlling that education, and for wisely administering the huge wealth which is now to a great extent wasted in providing indifferent instruction at high cost to a limited class. There is no tangible reason why Christ's Hospital, St. Paul's, or Westminster Schools, Dulwich College, the City Schools, and a host of other endowed educational charities, should not be controlled by the Board, and we shall never have a thoroughly good, consistent, and democratic system of education for London till a consummation such as this is reached. Such a consummation is the ideal not for the metropolis alone, but everywhere.

There is enough money now withheld from the public (or the poor) and mispent in the over luxurious educational machinery of the upper and middle classes, to provide efficient means of education for every child in England, were it properly applied. The London School Board at present, perhaps wisely, seeks no such lofty mission. It wants but a modest 50,000*l.* a year from the city parish charity funds, in aid of secondary education for the poor. Its committee propose to increase the exhibitions available for School Board pupils at the City of London and other classical schools, and to establish commercial

schools and technical schools under the control of the Board. At present the Board has only between twenty and thirty exhibitions, varying in value from 20*l.* to 40*l.* per annum, available for poor scholars. That is a beggarly show for so great a city as London, and the Board wishes to found many more. At present most of the exhibitions are tenable for four years. The committee proposes that those it would wish to found out of these parish funds should be of the uniform value of 30*l.*, and tenable from two to three years at the technical or commercial schools, which it is proposed to establish. The committee say that were all the funds now claimed appropriated in this way, the advantages of technical and other forms of higher education might ultimately be brought within the reach of above one thousand five hundred children in the metropolis. That would be no small gain as compared with

the money waste which now goes on; but the educational reformer should be prepared to go much further than this in dealing with the proceeds of these charities. It does not ask enough. Much of the money that it would permit to go untouched as being fairly the property of the Church, or as applicable to apprenticeships and the like, would in reality be infinitely better spent if devoted to the education of the people. Of what use are the dozens of empty churches dotted about the city? If their numbers were in some degree reduced, not only would a great deal of charity money be set free for better uses, and become available for purposes of education, but large incumbency endowments might be set free for the use of the Church in other quarters where endowments are much needed.

The following table will illustrate the scope for reform which is presented in this direction:—

CITY PARISHES.	POPULATION LAST CENSUS.	VALUE OF LIVING.
All Hallows, Barking	1,065	£2,000
London Wall	805	1,700
St. Alphage,	274	1,350
St. Andrew Undershaft	580	2,000
St. Ethelburga, Bishopsgate	315	1,050
St. Catherine Coleman, Fenchurch Street	317	1,500
St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, and St. Martin's, Outwich } (united)	541	1,320
St. Olave, Hart Street	363	2,600
St. Peter-le-Poor	438	1,825
TOTAL	4,698	£15,345

In addition to this there are thirty parishes with clerical incomes under 1,000*l.* and over 200*l.*, whose total population at last census was little over 5,000 souls, all told, and whose annual income aggregated about 14,500*l.* Only some eight or nine parishes, such as St. Andrew's, Holborn, St. Bartholomew the Great, East Smithfield, St. Botolph's

Without, Aldersgate, St. Botolph's, Aldgate, St. Bride's, Fleet Street, St. Dunstan's in the West, St. Giles's Without, Cripplegate, St. Katherine Cree, St. Sepulchre, Snow Hill, and St. Stephen, Walbrook, can be said to have populations justifying the retention of their present church stipends and ecclesiastical machinery. So well is this

recognised that many parishes have already been amalgamated, and the Bishop of London recently devoted the living of St. Andrew Undershaft to constitute the stipend of his newly-created suffragan. Very little has, however, been done compared to what might be done, and a reform adequate to the circumstances would at once set free the income of a great many parishes for use elsewhere. The multitudinous suburban parishes which now go to make up London, might be benefited, and the Church itself strengthened in these quarters. A change of this kind must some day come, and when it takes place, or before it takes place, a great deal of charity money now wasted ought to be made available for purposes of education. Hence I think

that in its future pursuit of this matter, the London School Board might well keep a chance of this kind in view. It may have been prudent on the part of the late committee to have laid claim to little more than 50,000*l.* a year out of these funds; but when the uses to which these city charities are devoted are fully declared, when their true value is also known, and when city church reform comes to be agitated, the Board may be justified in looking for a much larger share in these, now wasted, funds. The citizens of modern London will at at events do well to keep their eyes on them. To them they decidedly ought to belong, and for the good of them and their children they ought to be expended.

A. J. WILSON.

ADAM SEDGWICK.

THE writer of the present article believes that he has, in common with many of his countrymen, a grievance connected with the honoured name which is placed at its head. In the case of the minor grievances incident to civilised life, the recognised remedy is a letter to the *Times*: following this analogy, but bearing in mind the larger amount of space necessary to my purpose, I have determined to ask for room to publish my grievance in the pages of *Macmillan's Magazine*.

The grievance in question is briefly this, that Professor Sedgwick has now been dead more than seven years, and that nothing has yet appeared in the way of biographical record. I do not know who may be to blame for this neglect, nor do I intend to cast blame upon any one; but certainly Adam Sedgwick was a man whose name and character deserve a literary memorial, and in certain respects such a memorial may be even more necessary in his case than in that of some other notable men. I say this because the actual literary remains of Sedgwick are remarkably small as compared with his great mental endowments and his fertility and ease of oral exposition. Few men could pour forth their knowledge with greater facility to themselves or greater pleasure to their hearers, but his physical and mental constitution was abhorrent from sedentary labour, and with the exception of memoirs on his own subject in the transactions of learned societies he wrote nothing for publication on systematic principle, and the few precious relics of his literary composition were the result of accident, or of something very nearly deserving to be so described.

I trust it will not be otherwise than agreeable to those who have commenced reading this article of complaint and grumbling, to follow me in

a few miscellaneous remarks concerning the life and sayings and doings of Professor Sedgwick, based chiefly upon personal knowledge and friendly intercourse. They may serve to keep alive the question which I hear not unfrequently asked—When are we to have a *Life of Sedgwick*? and at the same time by their very imperfection they may serve to hasten the production and publication of a book for which many of us have long been looking, and have hitherto looked in vain.

Professor Sedgwick was born at Dent, in Yorkshire, in June, 1784, and died in January, 1873, at his rooms in Trinity College, of which he had been a Fellow since the year 1810. He took his degree as fifth wrangler in 1808, when Lord Langdale headed the list.

Several reminiscences of his early days in connection with his dearly-loved native valley of Dent are to be found in the curious book to which I shall refer presently, as one of his few literary relics. The only incident of his early Cambridge life to which I ever heard him refer was a severe illness, some kind of fever, which nearly terminated his career during his undergraduate course. He was "keeping" at the time in rooms in or near the clock-tower on the north side of the Great Court of Trinity College, very near to the set of rooms connected with our recollections of his closing years. The power of the fever was such that his medical attendants entirely despaired of his life. They had in fact left his room, and were walking up and down upon the pavement beside the chapel, waiting to hear the last news before they left the college. The news however did not come, and after a time it was suggested and determined that they should

go back and look at the patient again. To their surprise they found him not only not dead, but apparently somewhat stronger than when they left him. One of the physicians in attendance, Sir Busick Harwood, said to his companion, "This is a very strong young man; let us try if we can do anything more for him." Accordingly some kind of blister was suggested. The poor young patient seems to have shrunk from the anticipated suffering, and asked something as to the effect the application would have upon his flesh. To this question he received the coarse, and I presume not very professional reply—"Oh! — the flesh, if we can only save the life." The last almost despairing effort was successful; at all events the patient survived, and told the tale of his illness almost precisely as I have here given it.

In the Mathematical Tripos Professor Sedgwick obtained (as has been already said) the place of fifth wrangler. It was in the days of *brackets*, that is to say, the list of honours as it first came from the hand of the Moderators was regarded as a first approximation, and men who were joined together in the same bracket had the opportunity of fighting the battle out under the direction of some Master of Arts appointed for the purpose. Sedgwick was in the first bracket, and the battle was fought out under the direction of the Rev. George Barnes, then tutor of Queen's, who told me that he found no reason to alter the order in which the names came to him, that the men were so different in their reading that he could have put them in almost any order by a special choice of questions, but that the man who impressed him most as possessing inherent power was Sedgwick. This verdict agrees with that which those who knew him in after life would have been disposed to accept as correct: he could never have been what Cambridge examiners would describe as a "good examination man," while it would certainly be impossible for any one to come in contact with him either

as an examiner or otherwise without being deeply impressed by his brilliant mental power.

Nothing of a very notable kind marked his career till his appointment to the geological chair in 1818. He seems to have been elected more in consideration of his general capacity for any kind of scientific work than in consequence of any demonstrated fitness for the special department of geology: his own feeling may be judged from a saying attributed to him by Cambridge tradition, "Hitherto I have never turned a stone, henceforth I will not leave a stone unturned." In truth the number of tried and accomplished geologists in those days was exceedingly small; his chief competitor was, I believe, Mr. Gorham, a man of really scientific mind, but whose name subsequently became better known in a different way.

Probably no one could have been chosen more capable of giving an impetus to an almost nascent science than Sedgwick. He spared no pains in making himself practically acquainted with his subject; the Cumberland and Westmoreland hills, so dear to him from early association and neighbourhood to his native valley of Dent, as well as the mountains of Wales, and the flats of Cambridgeshire, were the scenes of his constant labours. But besides bringing himself abreast of existing knowledge, and attempting a move in advance, he had a wonderful power of making his science popular with the members of his university. This he did by means of his lectures, and his field excursions. With regard to the former, I should be disposed to say that, considered in the abstract, they were not equal to others which have been given by scientific men; he was not equal as a clear expounder of a scientific subject to the present Astronomer-Royal, or Professor Tyndall, or the late Professor Willis. He did not present his science—at least in those courses of lectures which I have myself had the delight of attending—in a manner which could be described as first-rate, with regard to

clearness of order and logical arrangement; in fact, if a student wanted to "get up" geology for an examination, I should judge that Sedgwick's lectures would not have been the most profitable employment of his time; but for the purpose of exciting present pleasure in the reception of knowledge, and enthusiasm of desire to become geologists, few expositions of the subject could have been more successful. It was a positive delight, independently of all question of geology, to watch the bright countenance, and listen to the eloquent and absolutely unpremeditated language of the professor, as he moved about from diagram to diagram, or described specimen after specimen, sometimes throwing in some remark of high morality or bright poetry.

He used to tell a story concerning one of his lectures, which was amusing as he told it, and will perhaps bear reproduction. He was lecturing upon a fossil elephant, and observed, much to his surprise and vexation, that his class constantly lost their gravity; whenever he referred to his elephant, the whole class smiled and tittered; it looked like intentional disrespect, the existence of which he could however scarcely believe; so he continued his lecture to the conclusion, and then said to a friend, "What could possess my class to-day? They did nothing but laugh." "Don't you know?" was the reply; "whenever you referred to the fossil elephant, you invariably called it a *whale*." The professor confessed that the reiteration of "this whale," of which, however, he was totally unconscious even when the secret was revealed to him, was too much for the gravity of the most sober class.

Ladies were freely admitted to his lecture-room, at all events, in the later period of his career; and their presence gave the professor unfeigned delight. But it was the geological field-days which made Sedgwick's tenure of his professorship most notable. There were many more horses, if I mistake not, both proprietary and conductitious (to use a phraseology

which I remember to have heard Whewell quote with great gusto), in Cambridge in those days, than now; and on geological field-days, many animals of both descriptions, but especially the latter, turned out for a run across country. Geologising and hunting were put on the same footing as regards risk to horseflesh; and I remember well the oracular manner in which the head-man at the chief livery-stables, known popularly as "George," responded to a complaint of overcharge for the hire of a horse upon one of the professor's excursions. "A guinea a day," said George, "is the reg'lar price; but when they goes hunting or jolagising we doubles it." The present writer never joined the geologising party, but he has often heard of the delights of the day; the professor, who rode roughly, and it may be hoped securely, rather than elegantly, taking the lead of the field, stopping to explain to the assembled class a deposit here, and a singular phenomenon there, keeping the whole party alive with his bright spirits and happy chat, and enjoying as heartily as the youngest some amusing minor disaster, such as the lodgment of a horse and a rider in some soft fen ditch.

To what extent Sedgwick really advanced his science I am not competent to say, and I do not intend to give an opinion; but that his teaching, and the wonderful geniality of his character tended to popularise geology, and to blow into life any latent spark which might exist in the minds of Cambridge men, there can be no doubt; and it may be that the impetus which he gave to the science by his lectures, his field-days, and the improvement of the Woodwardian Museum may be greater than any direct benefits conferred by his published Memoirs; but this I leave to the judgment of more competent persons than myself.

He always used to speak with great delight of the share which he had had in the founding of the Cambridge Philosophical Society. The annual dinner of that society was one of his red letter

days; and one of the chief inducements to attend the dinner was, to me at least, the prospect of hearing Sedgwick make an after-dinner speech. His speeches on such occasions were the most remarkable things of the kind I have ever heard; they sometimes began with a wild exuberance that nearly touched upon the region of nonsense, and then, apparently without effort, they rose to the solemn and almost to the sublime; the combination without incongruity of lofty morality with almost boyish fun was quite wonderful, and almost Shakesperian. It must have been on getting up at one of these dinners, that he explained the nervousness often felt on standing up to speak by maintaining that the vital spirits were very much in the nature of a fluid; as long as you were sitting it was all right, but the moment you stood up they left your head and went down into your boots. I shall have a few more words to say concerning Sedgwick's eloquence subsequently, but just now I am speaking of his part in founding the Cambridge Philosophical Society. He used to attribute the principal share in the work to Dr. Edward Daniel Clark, of whose enthusiasm in scientific and other matters he spoke with equal enthusiasm; he told us that the first conception of the society was that of an organisation for the study of natural history, and he somewhat regretted that the overwhelming mathematical bias of Cambridge had, to a great extent, changed the original design, and that our Memoirs were so exclusively mathematical as they then were. He was, however, proud of Cambridge mathematics, and I remember to have heard him express his satisfaction thus: "I rejoice," he said, "in the progress of mathematical science; I measure it in this way; I am a stationary kind of being with regard to mathematics; the progress of the science may be measured by the small amount of that which I am able to understand; and I give you my word of honour that I have not been able to understand a single paper that has been read before

this society during the last twenty years."

Sedgwick took a lively interest in the "British Association for the Advancement of Science," from its commencement. I remember hearing a characteristic story in connection with one of the meetings, which I may introduce here in illustration of what I have said of his remarkable gift of natural eloquence. On occasion of one of the meetings—I think, at Newcastle, but certainly in a coal district—Sedgwick undertook to head an exploring party into the neighbourhood, and to give a peripatetic lecture on the geological features of the country. As the party marched from one point to another, its number gradually increased; the strange fascination of the leader's manner and speech, which I have myself noticed on other occasions, produced its result here; men left their work to follow the steps of the great professor, and towards afternoon Sedgwick woke up to the fact that the little class of *savans* who had started with him in the morning had grown into a crowd of listeners, composed chiefly of colliers and the like. Thereupon the fire kindled; Sedgwick went off into one of his irregular floods of unpremeditated original oratory, rose from the physical (as he delighted to do) to the moral, and gave his rough audience the benefit of his thoughts and kindly advice. A witness of the scene, who described it to me, spoke of it as one of the most wonderful he had ever seen; the whole heart and attention of every one present was gained as by magic, every eye was fixed, while on most faces tears of emotion were seen quietly trickling down.

The mention of the British Association in connection with Sedgwick's eloquence reminds me of an amusing little event which occurred on the occasion of the visit of the Association to Cambridge in 1845. For some reason which I cannot explain, Dr. Whewell, then Master of Trinity College, had taken up a very strong opinion against the propriety of the visit; Professor Sedgwick was equally

anxious that the visit should take place. Accordingly a meeting was summoned in one of the schools, at which the momentous question was discussed whether the Association should be invited or not. The Professor described the event as a "wrestling-match" between the Master of Trinity and himself. Of the Master's speech I need say nothing here; the Professor's reply was most spirited and most amusing, and perhaps chiefly remarkable for the bold manner in which he set aside logic, and trusted his case to the guardianship of burning rhetoric. He first drew a picture of the appalling result to the prospects of the Association which must surely follow from Cambridge giving it the cold shoulder. He assured us that it was nothing less than a question of life and death; that the society could scarcely survive such treatment from such a body; and, having worked out this view of the subject to his heart's content, he suddenly, and without notice, adopted and supported with equal eloquence the exactly opposite view. "Did we think that the British Association would suffer from such treatment? No; our conduct would all recoil upon ourselves. We should be disgraced in the judgment of all right-judging persons, while the Association would soar," &c. &c. &c. It was the most barefaced thing I ever witnessed; but every one laughed, every one was delighted, and the resolution in favour of inviting the Association to Cambridge was carried almost, if not quite, unanimously.

I never had the pleasure of hearing Sedgwick preach; I imagine that in order to have heard him to perfection one ought to have been present on the occasion of one of his visits to Dent or its neighbourhood, when I am told that the dalesmen flocked to church in great numbers and listened to him with much enthusiasm. But there is one sermon of his which has had an unusual history, and which is remarkable as being the foundation or kernel of the largest book which ever came from his hand.

He was invited to preach the commemoration sermon in the chapel of Trinity College in the year 1832. This he did, and treated in a very striking and earnest manner the great question of the "Studies of the University of Cambridge." He was of course requested to print the sermon, which he also did, and by and by he enriched it with annotations. The sermon has gone through five editions, and in the last occupies the central ninety-four pages of a very stout volume. The book begins with an introduction of 422 pages, and concludes with notes which occupy no less than 228; so that in its ultimate form the sermon itself is the least important part of the work, and has been compared to a few grains of wheat between two huge millstones.

A noted Scotch professor used to say that there was "some fine confused eating" in a singed sheep's head; and a similar criticism may perhaps be applied to Sedgwick's *Discourse on the Studies of the University*, with all the miscellaneous matter which is bound up with it. It is a delightful book, either to read continuously, or to take in hand for an odd half-hour; but I fear that its interest will decline as time goes on. Some of the matters discussed have already been left behind in the intellectual arguments of the present day; and perhaps also it is necessary to have known the man as he was in life, and to have loved him, in order thoroughly to appreciate a book which is a flagrant breach of almost every rule that can be laid down for authors who wish to construct a book *secundum artem*.

It has been already said that Sedgwick's literary relics were something like the results of accident. True as this is with respect to the volume to which reference has just now been made, it is perhaps still more true with regard to another interesting relic, which, so far as I know, has not yet been published, though it was circulated in print during his lifetime.

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books, to which I now refer, and which belong to the concluding period of his life, as the *Studies of the University* belongs to the early part of his career, is exceedingly droll and characteristic. It seems that a chapel had been built in an outlying district of his native parish, of which he was one of the trustees, and which received the name and was always known by the name of Cowgill Chapel. The new Midland line between Carlisle and Settle runs close to it. In the course of ecclesiastical improvement it was arranged that a separate district should be assigned to this chapel, and a scheme, having been prepared for the purpose according to the usual course by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, was duly submitted to her Majesty in Council and became law. When the professor saw the scheme his indignation knew no bounds; the familiar name of Cowgill was got rid of altogether, and another name which belonged to the district—namely, Kirthwaite—substituted. But this was not the worst. Apparently through the instrumentality of the curate in charge, Kirthwaite had been changed into Kirkthwaite. That strange, unauthorised *k* was gall and wormwood to the professor's mind. He got up a memorial to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, praying that *Kirkthwaite* might at least be changed back to the authorised *Kirthwaite*, or, still better, *Cowgill* restored. Alas! the scheme had received the royal approval, and the commissioners had no power. The professor felt that all that he could do was to address his fellow dalesmen, make a protest against the whole proceeding, especially against the rash and unjustifiable introduction of that *k*, and then leave himself in their hands. This he did; and we are indebted to the objectionable scheme assigning a district to Cowgill Chapel, for one of the most charming repertoires of old memories concerning the ways and customs of the Yorkshire dales nearly a century ago that can well be imagined.

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The book is called *A Memorial by the Trustees of Cowgill Chapel, with a Preface and Appendix on the Climate, History, and Dialects of Dent*. It produced more effect than the professor expected, as he himself explained fully in a supplementary volume. I will tell the story, however, as it came under my own notice. Happening to be in Cambridge some time after reading the book, I called upon the professor at his rooms in Trinity College, he being confined to his rooms by indisposition of some kind. We soon began to talk about his book, for a copy of which I thanked him. He brightened up at once, forgot all his maladies, and exclaimed with great delight, "Oh, my poor little book has been in the great places of the earth; the Queen has summoned it to court!" He then went on to say that her Majesty had heard of the book, and expressed a wish to see it, and that he had transmitted a copy. He added, if I rightly recollect, that he would not have a copy put into court dress, but preferred that his little book should appear before her Majesty "in all its rustic simplicity."

The result of the professor's literary ebullition was remarkable, and probably unparalleled. His grievance, which to most onlookers would seem to be trifling or even infinitesimal, was remedied by Act of Parliament. A clause was inserted in a bill in the year 1869 by which it was enacted as follows:—

"Whereas by an order in Council, bearing date the ninth day of September, 1865, a district Chapelry was annexed to the Chapel of Cowgill, in the Parochial Chapelry of Dent, in the Parish of Sedburgh, in the County of York and Diocese of Ripon, to be called by the name of the District Chapelry of Kirkthwaite, such District Chapelry shall henceforth be called by the name of the *District Chapelry of Cowgill*, and not by the name of the *District Chapelry of Kirkthwaite*."

Nothing could exceed Sedgwick's joy at the success of his efforts. He gave vent to his feelings in a second little

volume, addressed to his fellow dalesmen, and entitled *A Supplement to the Memorial of the Trustees of Cowgill Chapel, with an Appendix*. In this supplement he narrates the whole history of the transaction in a tone of profound gratitude to the Queen, and then runs off *more suo* to all kinds of interesting particulars concerning the early history of Dent.

I have ventured to introduce the name of the Queen into this little narrative, because it was impossible to disconnect her Majesty from the story of Cowgill Chapel and the objectionable *k* in the fictitious Kirkthwaite. I trust I may be permitted to introduce the same name once again, for the purpose of recording a characteristic story of Professor Sedgwick. Some time after the Queen's great bereavement, the professor received an invitation to Windsor: this of course was generally known through the ordinary channels of information. Shortly after his return to Cambridge a friend said to him, "You have been to court, professor, since I saw you last." "No," he replied, "I have not been to court; I have been to visit a Christian woman in her affliction." These were very characteristic words, and I am not wrong in saying that those who knew him will recognise them at once as having the ring of genuineness. The words themselves, as well as the visit which gave rise to them, are indicative of that peculiar gentleness of heart and sweetness of character, combined with robust faith and perfect Christian simplicity, which made him as welcome a companion in the chamber of sickness and death, as his genial disposition and his fund of interesting and amusing talk made him to be in the combination room or the family circle. Perhaps I may give, as a companion to the story of the visit to Windsor, the following, which occurred within my own circle of experience:—A parishioner of mine at Cambridge, who, amongst other occupations, worked at geology, and so became well known to Sedgwick, was taken ill and

died. During his illness he caused a portrait of Sedgwick to be hung upon a wall where he could constantly see it as he lay in a state of weakness; and before he died his last wish was that the professor would come to see him once more, which he accordingly did.

Speaking of portraits, I may observe, by the way, that the lithographed likeness taken from a chalk drawing by Samuel Lawrence is an admirable representation of the man as he was in the vigour of middle age. Notice the eye, it is excellently well represented, it has a force in it which it has been given to few eyes to possess. It seemed capable of expressing almost any passion. Those who did not know him well might fear from the manifest vigour of it that it was capable of showing terrific bursts of anger; but it never did, within my knowledge, though I have seen it flash with almost awful fire when I have heard him denounce something which he regarded as wrong. Its general habit was to melt into the gentlest expression of fun or kindness, or to convey the impression of the man of genius. I have seldom seen such an eye. It was altogether a grand face, having, however, the beauty of the forest oak rather than that of the garden plant.

There must be in existence hundreds of letters which would be available for a biography. Whether his scientific friends received many worthy of reproduction on scientific grounds I do not know; possibly not; but there must be abundance of bright, chatty letters, written in the fulness of his heart to intimate friends, a selection from which would be exceedingly welcome to those of the present generation who had the privilege of knowing him. I venture to introduce one specimen into this fugitive sketch. It is scarcely a specimen; there is nothing remarkable in it; it is only a gossiping reply to a letter in which I had asked him to give me a copy of his *Supplement*; but note the kindly tone which runs through it, and

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observe how the octogenarian speaks of his companion of fourteen, and also how he brings in the little bit about the *Bagshot Sand* at the end :—

BOURNEMOUTH, HANTS,
April 22, 1870.

MY DEAR LORD—Your letter has found me out. Just come, in a Trojan post-horse. My letters are forwarded from Trinity College in packets. One of them came with thirteen full-grown letters in its abdominal cavity, and so I naturally called it a Trojan horse. The one which has brought your kind letter from Rose Castle was less prolific. It only turned out a litter of eight. Fortunately, I had put a copy of my *Supplement* among the books my servant packed for me before we left Cambridge. I actually anticipated some friendly demand like that with which I have been honoured by his lordship of Rose Castle; and I am giving myself as much praise as I deserve, and a little more, for this act of thoughtfulness. My servant will make a B. P. parcel of the little pamphlet and send it off, I hope, by this day's post.

I suffered greatly from bronchitis in the spring months of this year, and when I became convalescent, I was advised by my doctor to seek out a warm nook on the south coast, and halt there for a week or two, that my lungs may recover a healthy tone, and my general health may be renovated. I now am very little. The weather has been very beautiful, but very searching, and I have caught a slight cold which has this day confined me to the house. Only I went out at 11 A.M., muffled and bandaged like a mummy, to take a hot bath. Fortunately, the bath house is close to our door, in the very next house to this hotel.

On my way hither I halted at Bath (with a lad of 14 for my companion, who has been driven from Marlborough College by the bad fever), and we did thoroughly enjoy that magnificent bathing establishment; and we had friends to cheer us. We have no friends here; and the state of my health hardly allows me to make any. My companion is performing morning noon and night upon a bicycle which I gave him, and of which he is not a little proud. He performs upon it very well.

Let me now turn my face from the bishop, and look at his lady and his daughters—at all his establishment. I send to them my kindest greetings, and

ask God to bless them all, and to fill their hearts with gladness.

All this part of Hampshire rests upon a sterile sand. Left to itself it produces nothing better than heath and furze bushes; and its look is featureless, barren and desolate. But pine trees will grow in this *Bagshot Sand* (as geologists call it); and the town, when I first saw this coast in 1821, along with our friend Whewell, was a very small starvation village. It now peeps out in multitudinous grotesque villas of all shapes and sizes, which, in combination with the dark evergreen woods, produce a very lively effect. It has, I think, an American look about it. But my paper is done, and I have wound up my tales.

I remain, my dear Lord,

Very faithfully yours,

A. SEDGWICK.

I cannot close this paper more appropriately than by quoting the last paragraph from the *Supplement*, the last words that the professor printed :—

"But if a long life has been given me, am I to murmur because the infirmities of age are beginning to press hard upon me? God forbid that such should be my bearing while under my Maker's hand! Nay, rather let me laud His Holy Name for the countless and ill-deserved blessings He has showered upon me; and humbly ask Him for Jesus' sake, His anointed Son, to pour into my heart the grace of thankfulness, and to cheer the remnant of my fast-waning life with hopes becoming my grey hairs, and my Christian profession. While asking my God and Saviour to help me in calling up such thoughts as these, I wish also to impress them upon my dear old friends in Dent, and in the neighbouring dales (and not upon the aged only, but upon all my brother dalesmen of whatever age), especially now that I am winding up my final conclusion, pronouncing my farewell, and asking God to bless my dear birth-dale, and those who dwell within it."

I have now had my say, and given utterance to my grievance; and I conclude by asking whether we are ever, and if so, how soon, to have a Memoir of Adam Sedgwick!

HARVEY CARLISLE.

BACKSHEESH.

SOME years ago I was applied to by a group of financiers, who had formed themselves into what is technically termed a syndicate, to proceed to Constantinople for the purpose of obtaining a concession, the exact nature of which it is not necessary here to specify, but which, if it could be obtained, was calculated to achieve the twofold object of indirectly procuring a very considerable revenue to the Turkish Government at a juncture when it stood much in need of funds, and at the same time of securing to my employers a handsome profit on the very large outlay which the preliminary operations would involve. The scheme was one of those ingeniously invented financial contrivances peculiar to the genius of the age in which we live, by which it was not probable that the shareholders of the company to be formed for the purpose of ultimately carrying out the objects of the concession would derive a very large interest for their money, but by which both the syndicate and the Turkish Government must necessarily gain. When I was made familiar with the details, I confess that although I had had some experience of Turkey, and had been selected for the mission in consequence, I did not anticipate much difficulty. The increase which must accrue to the revenue of the country by carrying out the scheme was so palpable, and its general advantages—not merely in the development of certain important national resources, but in the immediate expenditure of a large amount of money among an impoverished population—were so self-evident, that it was difficult to imagine any government refusing a proposal from which they had everything to gain and nothing to

lose. I therefore readily undertook the mission, stipulating for an amount equal to 4 per cent, upon what would ultimately be the total capital of the company, to be spent in backsheesh; for I was well aware that no matter what the intrinsic merits of a scheme may be, the necessity of oiling the administrative machinery with piastres is always the same, and that provided enough of these are forthcoming, any scheme, no matter how bad it is, can be carried; while stinginess in this respect, even with a good project, is misplaced economy. As for the moral aspect of the question, it is a point which is, I think, fairly open to discussion by schoolmen and divines.

Here is a heathen country—I presume that Mohammedans are considered heathens by Christians—with a heathen standard of financial morality, where the officials receive no salaries, or very minute proportions of their nominal allowances, and are expected to live on what they can obtain from the public, in the form of "tips," to use a popular term. Now there can be no doubt that in Christian countries where tips are given to officials who are expressly prohibited from receiving them, and who are well paid, the practice is distinctly immoral. But there is a great distinction between bribing an English custom-house officer at Dover to pass your luggage, and one at Pera: the difference being that the first receives his salary from the public indirectly, and through officials, and the latter from the public directly, through the non-official channel of the hotel porter, or any other that may be found convenient. So when we come to financial arrangements upon a large scale, and involving the co-operation of the highest

functionaries of the state, we must judge them by their own standard rather than by ours; and it has this merit, that while it is much lower, they do not even pretend that they act up to it. They openly say that they are reduced to the most extreme pecuniary destitution, and must get money somehow; and the veil that they throw over their transactions—which, are after all, not more corrupt than those of a neighbouring Christian country—is no thicker than a Turkish woman's *yashmak*; it is merely conventionally supposed to conceal what is beneath it.

Now the question is whether one does harm either to oneself or one's neighbour by adopting a system which does not violate the moral sense of those who practise it, and which has become such a recognised element in Turkish administration, that it would not be possible to carry any measure, no matter how advantageous to the country, without resorting to it. Under all circumstances the pill must be gilded; but I do not know that it is more immoral to gild commercial pills for the heathen, than to put powder in jam for children. It is true the nurse does not make anything for herself by administering the powder, and the man who administers the gilded pill does, or he would not take the trouble to make and gild it; but that does not affect the morality of the question, provided in both instances the patient is to benefit. Supposing I was a pure and disinterested philanthropist, and came to Turkey for the purpose of inducing the Government to accept a scheme which should be the salvation of the country, and out of which I should make nothing myself, should I not be justified in employing the recognised agency of backsheesh, without which it would be impossible to carry it? and should I be warranted in depriving millions of the benefits they would derive from my great remedial measure of reform, simply because I could not carry it

without bribing a few officials, whose moral sense was in no way violated by taking the money I offered, and who would run the risk of being driven even to more immoral practices, if such means of adding to their incomes were denied them?

I am rather particular in placing the moral aspect of the question before my readers at the outset, as I should not like them to have a bad opinion of me; and the whole of the experiences I am about to relate are a narrative of bribery, in which I was the principal actor. I have been induced to give them, at the risk of forfeiting their just estimate of my high moral worth, because I think at the present juncture it will be interesting to them to know exactly how the administration is carried on at Constantinople, and precisely where reform is most required, so that any efforts we may make to improve the government of the country may be directed to the proper quarter, and there may be no mistake about the seat of the disease. And here I would also remark that my experiences furnish a true and faithful record of the processes which have to be gone through in all cases in which foreigners are concerned. Of course there are an infinite number of variations to be played on the same string, but the substantial accuracy of the general narrative will, I think, be recognised by numerous victims, whose patience, temper, and pockets have been exhausted, in a vain attempt to induce the Turkish Government to decide whether or not they would accept proposals, and grant concessions in favour of enterprises which were palpably calculated to confer benefits upon the country. That they have granted many that were calculated to do no good to any one except the concessioner and his accomplices, is perfectly true. That they have shown a remarkable readiness to fall into the toils and snares of financial swindlers on a large scale, arises from the fact that the latter were ready to adopt

methods, and hold out inducements which *bond fide* and honourable capitalists refused to lend themselves to; for even in Turkey a line must be drawn somewhere, and the line is generally drawn by the better class of promoters and speculators, at shareholders. An unscrupulous syndicate, provided they can make their money out of obtaining a concession, and floating a company, are indifferent as to the fate of those who may be induced to invest their money in it; and they burden the enterprise with engagements and preliminary expenses which it is quite unable to bear. In other words, they pay twice as much in bribes for a concession at Constantinople as it is worth, and the cost of the concession becomes a first charge upon the company.

The result is that the company is in difficulties from the start, and is at perpetual loggerheads with the Turkish Government, through not being able to carry out its undertakings. Or, on the other hand, some great European operator, utterly unscrupulous, bribes heavily to obtain a concession on terms ruinous to the Turkish Government, and involving special privileges by which he will be enriched, and the Turkish Treasury impoverished. If the fraud is on a large scale, he can afford to give backsheesh on a large scale for it; and although the officials, whose business it is to refuse concessions of this nature, know it to be virtually a swindle, there is too much poverty and too little patriotism among them for them to withstand the temptation. Scandalous transactions of this character naturally operate most prejudicially against *bond fide* enterprises, and honest Turks, who only judge by results, are apt to put all foreigners into the same category, and to view their demands with extreme mistrust. Hence arises a good deal of sharp recrimination. The foreigner charges the Turk with being an eastern barbarian, who refuses to allow his country to be opened, and its

great agricultural and mineral resources developed, by means of foreign capital. The Turk replies, "We should be quite ready to give you every facility to develop our country, but we find that when you come under that pretence, you invariably swindle us, and we are the victims in the long run." The foreigner rejoins, "That is entirely your own fault, and would not be possible, were it not for the corruption which pervades every branch of your administration, and which attracts all the financial rogues and sharpers of Europe." The Turk answers, "From whom did we learn corruption, but from Europeans? and who are the officials in our administrations who are the largest robbers, and the most available accomplices in the frauds of these rogues and sharpers!—the Christians, whom we are obliged to employ, or we should be accused by Christian Europe of Moslem intolerance." And so the quarrel goes on, and there is a good deal to be said on both sides; but the practical result is not satisfactory, and the position of matters is every day getting worse. Men have been known to stay in Constantinople for eight or ten years, and after having spent thousands of pounds in bribery, to fail after all, and go away broken down and ruined. They are the victims to the same sort of fascination as that which chains a man to a Chancery suit. When he has invested a certain amount of time and capital, he shrinks from the conclusion that he had better abandon the pursuit, and waste no more of his existence or his money upon it, the more especially as he is constantly being deluded with promises that are never realised; so he follows the *ignis fatuus*, until his figure becomes as familiar to the hangers-on at the Porte as that of Miss Flight used to be in the celebrated case of Jarndyce against Jarndyce.

It was a raw day in winter when I arrived at Constantinople, and established myself in Pera, making up my

mind that I should probably be compelled to spend the better part of a year in that most uninviting of semi-European, semi-Asiatic cities. After consulting with an old friend and resident versed in such matters, I obtained an influential letter of introduction to the Grand Vizier, and proceeded with it to the Porte.

Visitors to Constantinople are conversant with that somewhat disreputable building near the top of the hill after crossing the bridge to the Stamboul side, which contains some of the principal departments of state, and in which the office of the Grand Vizier is situated. You go up a flight of steps into a large hall, where several soldiers, supposed to be more or less on guard, are lounging about, and where door-keepers, deaf mutes, and small retainers and employes, are watching for their prey; you no sooner make your appearance than two or three of these petty thieves pounce upon you as lawful spoil.

It is as well instantly to resign yourself to the inevitable. I had previously made myself acquainted with the name of the *vekil*, or official, who announces visitors to the Grand Vizier, and I was shown through a small door to the left into a minute apartment, in which eight gentlemen were sitting facing each other. Two of these were manifestly foreigners, bound probably on some errand similar to my own; the other six were dressed in European style, but wore fez caps. They were apparently Greeks or Armenians.

I was taken very little notice of by the official introducer for some time, although immediately on entering I gave him my card and letter for the Grand Vizier. He went on unconcernedly writing, and the gentlemen in chairs patiently waited in attitudes of humble attention until he condescended to exchange a few whispered words with some of them, when they replied in tones of extreme servility, and finally with a sidelong and some-

what mistrustful glance at me took his departure. He was absent nearly an hour, and during this time we all sat patient and silent, till it should please the great man to receive us, feeling very much as if we were in a dentist's waiting-room.

On the return of the *vekil* I was curtly informed that if I would wait His Highness would see me. Meanwhile one by one some of the others were summoned. At the end of another hour I was told that His Highness could receive no more that day, and that I was to come on the morrow. On my way out I gave the doorkeeper a mejidie. To make a long story short, I repeated this process twice without seeing the Grand Vizier, and my first audience cost three journeys from Pera to Stamboul, six hours' attendance in the waiting-room, and three mejidies to the doorkeeper, who had now become my staunch friend, while he evidently looked upon me as his private property.

When at last the moment for the audience arrived I was led through a rather dark, dirty passage to a large room, which contained no other furniture but a large horseshoe-table and some twenty chairs. In one of these in solitary grandeur sat the Grand Vizier. As I was not a person of any great distinction he did not rise to receive me, but motioned me to a chair and remained silent. He knew enough French to understand what I said, at least I presume so, though his countenance remained imperturbable; I refrain from describing it lest it might be recognised. He asked me, when I had explained the nature of the proposed concession, whether the project had been reduced to writing, begged me to hand it to him, which I did, and on receiving it indicated that the interview was at an end, and I should hear more about it at some future time. He then took a piece of paper, and holding it in his hand proceeded to write upon it with a reed pen in a most uncomfortable fashion, acknow-

ledging my parting bow with a slight gesture of his hand and an almost imperceptible inclination of his head.

On opening the door I was set upon in the dark passage by two officers in uniform, with swords hanging by their sides. I knew enough of the costume of the Turkish army to perceive in the dim light that they were not common soldiers, but held the rank of *uzbashi* or lieutenant. Without the smallest bashfulness they pronounced the magic word "backsheesh." I was so much taken aback by men in the position of Turkish gentlemen pouncing upon me in this determined and almost threatening manner that, as the handle of the door of the Grand Vizier's room was still within reach, I almost decided on bolting back into it, and calling the notice of that eminent functionary to the disgracefulness of the proceedings; the more especially as I was a good deal puzzled, considering the exalted rank of my assailants, as to how much they would expect, and was not sure that I had enough loose cash in my pocket to satisfy their demands. However, I thought I would risk a very moderate *douceur* and found they were quite satisfied with a *mejidie* apiece. I now returned to the *vekil's* room, where I had left my hat and coat, and which was quite empty, my interview having been the last for the day; and the *vekil* not being there. However, as he was sure to return, and I wished to ask him when I was likely to hear from the Grand Vizier, I determined to wait for him; but I had hardly taken a seat when two creatures entered the room and proceeded to make the most horrible faces, gesticulations, and guttural noises in their throats at me. These I perceived to be a couple of deaf mutes, a class of unfortunates who are largely employed in the various public departments, and who seem to have a preternatural sense for finding out things by other means than their ears, and for communicating secret intelligence by other

means than their tongues. It is quite unpleasant to find yourself alone in a room with two of these phenomena, working away at you with their fingers and making horrible sounds. Well did I know, though they could not say so, that backsheesh was what they meant; but I had no more *mejities* left, a *lira* or Turkish pound was certainly too much, so I tried them with a *beslik*, equivalent to about a franc, each. This they scornfully rejected. Then I offered two apiece. These they also refused; and I was at the end of my small change.

Now I am very economical, even with my employer's money, on such occasions, so I refused to be bled to any greater amount, whereupon they jabbered menacingly, and even shook their fists in my face. In the midst of which in walked the *vekil*, to whom I pretended entire innocence, and asked who these two unfortunates were, and what they wanted; he smiled a smile of peculiar significance and ordered them out of the room. I now felt very much puzzled as to whether I ought to offer the *vekil* a *lira* or not, but he was such a well-dressed and highly polished individual, having evidently learnt his French and his manners in Paris, that I felt rather shy, and thought I would wait for him to give the first hint. To my surprise he made no allusion to the subject, was most polite in his assurance that I should not have to wait long before receiving an answer about the papers; and I parted from him in a satisfied frame of mind.

In the hall I was again set upon by the deaf mutes, but rescued from them by my friend the doorkeeper, to whom in my gratitude I gave a *lira*, and looking back had the satisfaction of seeing him engaged in a violent gesticulatory quarrel with the deaf mutes.

I now waited patiently for a fortnight, and heard nothing, so I went, braving the deaf and dumb janitors—to whom however for peace of mind I

ultimately gave a few mejidies—and was assured that if I called in a few days I should hear of my papers. This I did several times, always having to pay my way and always being put off with specious excuses, until it occurred to me one day that this was perhaps the *zekil's* mode of extorting a bribe. The self-respect which had prevented him from directly demanding it, and the trouble he had given me, caused me to form rather a high estimate of his expectations, so I wrapped five liras in a piece of paper, like a doctor's fee, and repaired to the well known room, which I found so full, that I was somewhat embarrassed as to the best means of conveying my little *douceur* to his pocket. There was a sort of double entrance to the room, leaving a dark space about three feet wide between the two doors, so I whispered that I had something of importance to communicate if he would step out with me for a moment; from the alacrity with which he responded I saw that he understood at once what I had been so long in comprehending, and in another moment we were in the dark hole between the two doors, when, without more ceremony, I expressed my regret that I had put him to so much trouble already and was likely to put him to so much more, and requested him to accept a little present, placing the *rouleau* in his hand at the same time. He protested that he had been at no trouble, and that he could not hear of such a thing as accepting a present, and went through the form of trying to force it back upon me, but as I resolutely declined, he reluctantly and in an absent sort of manner allowed his scruples to be overcome, and promised me that if I called on the following day on the minister to whose department schemes of the nature I had proposed were referred, I should find that they had been despatched there already by the Grand Vizier, and were under consideration. It had taken me exactly one month, ten visits to the

Porte, and had cost me altogether a little over ten pounds to achieve this preliminary result.

I now felt that I should save time, and possibly money, by employing an intermediary to make the journeys and give the bribes. I did not so much mind the first, but the offering bribes was one of those delicate and disagreeable operations which it requires a special training to do properly; moreover there was something humiliating in this constant hanging about waiting-rooms which I wished, if possible, to avoid; while I found my ignorance of the language a serious inconvenience. A few words of Turkish will often save money on these occasions; so I asked the friend to whom I have already alluded if he could recommend me a man skilled in matters of this sort, who would act as interpreter, spy, and doer of dirty work generally. He promised to send me a master of the art on the following day. Early next morning there appeared a wizened little Greek, who was prematurely old-looking. I don't think he was more than thirty, but the pinched expression of his face was produced by the deep lines with which cunning and avarice had already seamed it. He was extremely obsequious and servile, talked French fluently, but in a hurried, disjointed, and somewhat indistinct manner. He had rapid, stealthy, catlike movements, and a quick, furtive eye. Altogether, although not prepossessing, his appearance was most encouraging; he was evidently just the sort of scoundrel I wanted. It was quite plain that there was no lack of intelligence, and as for principle—well, I should have to supply the whole of that myself. That I should possibly have to supplement him with another spy to watch him, was highly probable, but it would all add to my knowledge of human nature, and life in Pera is so dull that one must create an interest of some special kind. I thought it would be very exciting, should it

become necessary, to drive a sort of spy tandem. I used at last to call him the commander-in-chief, when I found out that he was recognised by the whole class of political and financial sneaks who make a livelihood out of the prevailing official corruption, as the head of the profession.

He was a member of the Greek Orthodox Church, and extremely particular about the observances of his religion. His distress because a near relative became a pervert to Mohammedanism upon one occasion was so great that he was unable to attend to business for two whole days, and when he came to inform me of the painful fact the tears started to his eyes. It seemed that his relative was rewarded for becoming a renegade by being given a position under the Government, which offered exceptional chances for plunder, and I think he wept because he had missed the opportunity himself. However this may be, he was a very pious young man, with a holy horror and contempt for Moslems, whom he considered so barbarous and uncivilised that any device which should transfer money from their pockets to his was a sort of righteous act, for which he expected not only to derive immediate advantage in this world, but a future reward in the next. When I explained to this worthy exactly how my business affair stood, he informed me that the minister who was the head of the department, and who was also a Christian, was a difficult man to deal with, as it was probable that he would soon be turned out of his berth by a rival in the cabinet who occupied a lower position in it, and who was intriguing against him in the palace. As his tenure of office was so uncertain and might be short, he was raising his demands in the matter of backsheesh so as to take as much money as possible away with him. He therefore put it to me to consider whether it would not be best either to do nothing and wait, or to make friends with the rival, advance him money to carry out

his intrigue, and help him in the palace in other ways which he suggested; thus securing him as a close ally for subsequent operations. It was a delicate point to weigh, because, on the one hand, success was not certain; the minister would be pretty sure to discover that I was helping his enemy, and if we did not succeed in overthrowing him, he would become a most formidable and bitter antagonist. On the other hand, if I paid him the large backsheesh he was certain to ask, he might be turned out the day after, and I should have to pay it over again to his successor. The other alternative of delay and inaction seemed to me intolerable. This is a specimen of one of the difficult problems a concessioner at Constantinople is occasionally called upon to solve. After mature deliberation I decided that the safest course, although it might turn out the most expensive, was to deal at once with the minister now at the head of the department, and I directed the commander-in-chief to discover the amount of money he would expect.

The process which my demand of concession had to go through in this department was examination by the minister, and a small committee appointed to assist him, which should make a report upon the scheme prior to its going to the *Conseil d'Etat*. It was of course of the greatest importance that this report—or *masbata*, as it is called—should be favourable. The commander-in-chief returned after a few days with the pleasing intelligence that two of the committee whom it was important to secure would require 200*l.* apiece, and the minister himself 2,000*l.*; that if I paid down these sums like a gentleman in the first instance, I should be summoned before the committee, examined in regard to my scheme, might make any proposals I liked, and they would be acceded to, and a report made in glowing terms in its favour. The question I now had to consider was whether the commander-in-chief had not in-

vented a much larger sum than was really asked, in the expectation that he would be the *intermédiaire*, and would have an opportunity of putting a large share of it in his own pocket. The risk was so great, the impossibility of checking him so absolute, that I decided to pay the minister the 2,000*l.* myself, leaving him to pay the understrappers. But then came the practical question of how to do it. It would not do to give him a cheque for the amount; the transaction must be one which should leave no trace. The only way I could think of was to carry it to him and give it him plump. Now 2,000*l.* in gold is no joke to carry in your coat-pockets; nevertheless I had that sum put into two bags, and, with my pockets bulging most suspiciously out, I took a carriage and drove to the ministry. I had a sort of guilty suspicion that all the loiterers who hang about departments knew what was in them, as I went up the dirty stairs to the antechamber, where two or three people were waiting for audiences; and I instantly sat down on the nearest chair, and spread myself out as much as possible, so as to look naturally a stout person. When I sent in my card I was at once admitted, and walked in before them all like a hen with its wings spread out. Now, at the last moment, I had determined to try the veracity of the commander-in-chief by only offering the minister 1,000*l.* in the first instance. The question was how to do it delicately, for he was a man of high rank and much consideration in Constantinople, and was to be met in the fashionable European and diplomatic society of Pera. After a little general conversation I asked him if he had looked at my scheme. He said he had. I then asked him how he liked it. He replied, that in its present form he was afraid there were serious objections to it. I said I hoped that these might be overcome. He replied, that he hoped they might; that he had not had time to consider how

they could be removed, but that at the same hour to-morrow he would have made up his mind, if I would have the kindness to call upon him then.

I now saw my opening; in fact I perceived that he had purposely given it to me. I therefore proceeded to pull out a bag; of course the horrid thing stuck, but after struggling with it for some time I got it out, together with some of the lining of my coat. I casually left it on the divan on which I had been sitting, when I got up to take leave. I have since had reason to regret my extreme stupidity in not remembering that I should show an inequality in my shape as I left the room. I kept my hand in the pocket in which the other bag was, and seemed to be fumbling for something, so as to try and hide the excrescence, but I fear unsuccessfully.

The next day I returned with the 1,000*l.* divided into two smaller bags, so that I was comparatively slim-looking, and was again shown into the minister, who received me with great politeness, but told me that he regretted to find, after consideration, that the objections were more serious than he thought, and he feared that it was very doubtful whether it would be possible to report upon the project favourably.

I saw it was no good trying to economise, and that he probably would not be satisfied with an extra 500*l.*, for he had seen the second bag sticking out the day before; so I pulled both bags out, left them on the divan, told him I would call the following day to hear his final decision, as I was convinced that more mature reflection would induce him to modify his opinion, and took my leave.

On the following day I had the satisfaction of hearing from him, that several ideas had suggested themselves to him during the night, by which the obstacles, which at one time seemed almost insurmountable, might be re-

moved, and that he would fix a day for the committee to meet, when I should be asked to be present.

A week elapsed, and I received no summons, so I sent the commander-in-chief to find out the cause of the delay. He returned with the ominous intelligence that a remodelling of the cabinet was in progress, that business was at a standstill in several departments, where changes were in contemplation, and that he much feared that the meeting of the committee would be delayed until it was decided whether the present minister was to remain at the head of it or not.

It seems that the rival had been very active, and was likely to prove successful, in which case my 2,000*l.* had been absolutely thrown away. Things remained in this state for another week, when this unfortunate contingency actually occurred. My friend walked out of his department with my 2,000*l.* in his pocket—perhaps in both of them, as I had first walked into it. The new man, who knew not Joseph, succeeded him, and so ended my second month.

All this arose from my being in too much of a hurry. If, when I first heard of the rival, I had patiently waited till the ministerial changes had taken place, I should have saved the money; it is true months instead of weeks might have elapsed, and in that case the time lost would have been of value; still it is never wise in Constantinople to be in a hurry. It is not the custom; and one finds oneself out of tune with things in general, and is sure to get into a scrape. The commander-in-chief read me this little lecture while I was bewailing my fate, and it is due to him to say that from the first he counselled absolute inaction, but I thought he only did this to prolong operations, and his own consequent employment.

Now we had to begin all over again. The commander-in chief informed me that the new incumbent, though he would readily have availed himself

of my assistance, pecuniary or otherwise, to turn out his late colleague, was quite inaccessible to a bribe, which was clearly to be regretted, as he was a most obstinate crotchety old Moslem of the fanatic school, opposed to all innovations or improvements, or influx of foreign capital, or foreigners themselves, of whom he entertained the greatest distrust and suspicion.

However, the commander-in-chief suggested other agencies than those of money by which he might be worked upon—these were diplomatic; and here I am getting upon ground too full of quicksands to tread safely, so I will pass over it; indeed if I were to tell all my experiences I could fill a volume, and weary the reader, my object is rather to give snatches of them as illustrative sketches. Suffice it to say, that it took me three months, and a great deal of intrigue and bribery of subordinates, before I got a report of a very lukewarm kind, but not absolutely unfavourable, during which time I was perpetually trotting across to Stamboul, attending the commission, and getting put off, and worried, and delayed in all manner of ways.

The Council of State, to which my project and the report upon it were now referred, is a huge official spider deriving a precarious subsistence from the financial flies which it catches in its net. It is composed of thirty members who are supposed to be paid salaries of from seven to ten thousand piastres a month by the Government, but this is a fiction. They are expected to live upon plunder, and it must be admitted to their credit, that they have elaborated a very effective system for the purpose. They work chiefly on two great principles, one is artfully contrived delay, and the other no less artfully contrived blackmail. For instance, no sooner was I brought into contact with this body, than I discovered for the first time that a rival scheme, of which I had heard nothing before, had just been sub-

mitted to the Grand Vizier, and was about to be referred to the department from which I had emerged; that it would, to judge by my own experiences, be three months before it was reported upon by this department, and that the Council of State had decided that it would be desirable to have both schemes before them, before entering upon the question at all. The commander-in-chief was now in his glory; in three days he found the particular Greeks and Armenians who had subscribed a sum for the purpose of proposing the blackmailing project. It is needless to say that they had not a farthing to carry it out, even supposing they could obtain the concession—in that case they would of course sell it to any promoters or speculators who could form a company upon it. Associated with them were several of the most influential members of the Council of State, but their partnership in the concern was *sub rosa*, and they did not appear as having any interest in the matter. The commander-in-chief proposed to enter at once into negotiations with this group, who, being natives of the country, and most of them professional blackmailers, it was hoped might easily be dealt with; and I accordingly consented to entertain any propositions they might make, as they had secured the co-operation of one or two influential Moslems and under-secretaries. Their scheme unfortunately gained the sympathy of the fanatic old minister who presided over the department through which I had already passed, and it was evident that they would obtain a far more favourable report than had been accorded to me. The matter therefore became serious, and as I was afraid of other competitors, even if I bought my existing rivals off, I proposed a fusion by which they should be to some degree associated in my enterprise. The extraordinary acuteness of these Armenian gentlemen in matters of finance is so well known that I will not weary the reader by describing

the subtle character of the bargaining which went on, and of the conclusion to which we finally arrived; suffice it to say that I referred it to England, with my strong recommendation that it should be adopted, but that the syndicate at home indignantly rejected it, as a barefaced attempt at robbery, and instructed me to make war to the knife upon all rivals of this description.

The commander-in-chief pulled a long face when he heard of this—I suspect he was to get a percentage on the transaction from the other side if he could bring it about—and prophesied defeat, or a victory which would be more expensive in the end than if we had come to terms. It now became necessary at once to set about buying those members of the Council who were not pledged to the other scheme, and especially that section of it to which both schemes were to be first referred. This consisted of eight members, and of these I secured four, including the President. I allowed the commander-in-chief to make all the bargains, and carry all the money, the total amounting to 850*l.*, namely, 250*l.* for the President, and 200*l.* apiece for the others. This I did not think expensive, but it was supplemented by a promise of a much larger sum, if, in consequence of their efforts, I finally secured the firman.

I now found that I had to subsidise three or four clerks and office writers, who furnished me with copies of all that passed at the meetings of the section which were supposed to be secret, but I had reason to be satisfied with the *procès verbal* which I obtained by these means, and which proved very accurate. I was also put in possession of any secret and confidential official communications relating to the other scheme, of which I stood in need, and of plans and documents, &c., which were supposed not to be known outside the department. The poverty among the minor employes was so great, that an occasional donation of 50*l.*, to be

distributed among them by the commander-in-chief, was quite enough for this purpose.

Altogether, I succeeded tolerably well at this stage of the proceedings, and before I had been eight months in Constantinople, both schemes had been examined by the section, and sent up to the full Council, my project being far more favourably reported upon than that of my opponents. But it was in the full Council that their strength lay. Here they had the President—whom they had associated in their scheme, and who was a cabinet minister—and several influential members on their side. The *Conseil d'État* being composed of several sections, it was necessary to buy one member of each section, and it cost me upwards of 2,000*l.* to get the opposition scheme rejected, and mine reported upon favourably and sent up to the Council of Ministers; and this only after a delay of four months, and owing to the fortunate accidents of another change of ministers having taken place, and my old friend, the minister to whom I had originally given 2,000*l.* having succeeded in intriguing himself back into power. I must say he behaved in the most honourable manner; no sooner did he enter upon his new functions, than he sent a message to me to say that I might rely upon him as a friend, and that he would exercise his influence in order to have the report cancelled which the Council had agreed to sign in favour of my opponents, without requiring any more money down from me, provided that I would promise him 5,000*l.* in case I got the firman. This I did unhesitatingly; the scheme of my opponents, after having been on the point of being adopted, was thrown out at the last moment, and mine went up to the cabinet with flying colours. This minister now became my intimate friend and adviser, in fact he considered himself an associate in the enterprise, and I derived much useful information from him.

He recommended me to secure no less a person than the Grand Vizier himself, as he feared when the question came to be discussed, there would be considerable opposition. This I did; but I will pass over the details of how I managed it. The matter is too delicate for me to enter upon fully—suffice it to say, that I thought, with two such powerful advocates, my scheme was safe.

When it came up for discussion, which it did after a delay of three months, I found out my mistake; the fanatic old Moslem, who had already reported favourably for my opponents, and against me, and whom I have described as incorruptible, was now intriguing to become Grand Vizier himself, and his policy was to thwart the existing incumbent by every means in his power, and, by showing his impotence to carry out everything, to discredit his administration. He had a faction in the cabinet, who from some cause or other were enemies of the chief of the Government, and it was thus split into two camps. When my scheme was proposed by the Grand Vizier, and supported by the President of the Council, it was opposed by the old Moslem and his faction, not openly, but in true Turkish style; I received an accurate report of what took place afterwards; it seems that the old fox commenced by speaking of it in the highest terms, and in fact gave his consent, subject to the consideration of a trifling point which required further investigation, and he proposed a postponement for this purpose. Before I heard this I had seen the Grand Vizier and asked him how the meeting of the cabinet had gone off, and what were the prospects. Instead of saying honestly that the scheme was opposed and postponed, he assured me it was "*dans une bonne voie.*" And here I may remark that, no matter how certain a Turk may be that your success is hopeless, he never tells you so, but, on the contrary, deludes you with promises and assur-

ances until your patience is worn out. This man was too weak on his perch to carry a measure in the face of the covert opposition of his rival, and he knew that the delicate way of ad-journing the consideration of my scheme, meant shelving it altogether. Yet he was ashamed of admitting his weakness, and was profuse in his encouragement and in fine phrases. Had I not heard the real facts of the case afterwards from my friend the minister, I should have remained for weeks in a fool's paradise. As it was, the difficulty of overcoming the opposition of the incorruptible old rival was most serious. All argued that it was hopeless to try money; this is curious in Turkey, but it occasionally happens. The fertile brain of the commander-in-chief, however, proved equal to the occasion. At that time there was a certain individual at the palace who exercised an almost controlling influence over the mind of an exalted personage. I will not say whether he was a eunuch, or a pipe-bearer, or a chamberlain, or a secretary, or a doctor, as here again I must deal in generalities, and leave a good deal to the reader's imagination; but it was upon this person's influence that my old enemy chiefly depended in order to become Grand Vizier, and his enmity would be fatal to his chances. This man was also a very venal personage, and his terms were high; but it was evident that if we could secure

him, he might make his support of the old Turk conditional upon the latter withdrawing all opposition to my scheme, for really he was only objecting to it out of a species of "cussedness," and not for any good reason. This involved an expenditure of 10,000*l.*, partly in money down, partly in prospective engagements. In fact I found the palace very expensive; but it answered a double purpose, for not only did it overcome opposition in the cabinet, but when at last the scheme was favourably reported upon there and it was sent up to the palace for the final *Irade*, I had already secured my friends, and there was comparatively little difficulty in obtaining it.

My troubles, which had lasted considerably more than a year, were now over. I had succeeded, for a little over 20,000*l.* all told, in obtaining a valuable concession; and it was generally admitted by connoisseurs that I had done the thing quickly and economically. It did not turn out much of a success afterwards, and I believe the shareholders are to this day discontented; but that is not my fault. I have narrated my experiences somewhat in detail, because it would not otherwise be possible to convey an accurate idea of the venality of the administration we have undertaken to reform, and of the hopelessness of the task upon which we have entered.

GOLDEN HORN.

THE LIGHT OF ASIA.¹

"A good life is of more worth than many sermons:" and he that has told such a life well has put his words to their finest use. The passion for biography that finds its relief in the consumption of the massive two volumes of *Life and Letters*, and that tears its sensitive heart-strings with loves and griefs that were never meant to be exposed in the market for universal sympathy, has its root in the natural unaffected hero-worship which lives in each man's heart if he be worth anything, and will live there, however he may seek to crush it and deny its presence. There is no man that does not—secretly, it may be—hug a hero to his breast; and the odds are, he is a better man for it. But it is not every man who has either the courage or the ability to set his hero boldly and nakedly before all eyes and claim a wider homage for him. When one dares to do this, and knows to do it well, he gives a real gift to letters: far more than that, he adds another to the sacred chain of those highest books that lead men onward to the best. And it is only a worshipper that can make his hero live in the eyes and hearts of men so that they see him and touch him, with the mind's sight and touch, as one of themselves. A life by a lover may be over tender and lenient, and sin in excess of sun, but it will at times work a revolution in the heart. An unloving biography will never kindle an enthusiasm for noble things—will never make the doer of great deeds stand forth in his greatness; in a word, it will fail in the end which all life-writing must set before itself.

¹ *The Light of Asia*; or, *The Great Renunciation*. Being the Life and Teaching of Gautama, Prince of India, and Founder of Buddhism. (As told in verse by an Indian Buddhist.) By Edwin Arnold, C.S.I. (London: Trübner & Co., 1879.)

In the *Light of Asia* we find a life of the true sort. It is a life of Buddha by a hero-worshipper who is not ashamed to own his devotion. He has chosen his hero well, we must think. If only for the extent and duration of his influence, the founder of the great faith of Asia which has seen four-and-twenty centuries roll by, and still holds the hearts of a third of mankind, must claim the reverence which belongs to a masterpiece of religious insight. "Four hundred and seventy millions of our race live and die in the tenets of Gautama; and the spiritual dominions of this ancient teacher extend, at the present time, from Nepal and Ceylon over the whole Eastern Peninsula to China, Japan, Thibet, Central Asia, Siberia, and even Swedish Lapland. India itself might fairly be included in this magnificent empire of belief, for though the profession of Buddhism has for the most part passed away from the land of its birth, the mark of Gautama's sublime teaching is stamped ineffaceably upon modern Brahminism, and the most characteristic habits and convictions of the Hindus are clearly due to the benign influence of Buddha's precepts."²

But, apart from his work in the world, Buddha is a hero for himself, in the noblest way of heroism. No one can read the story of his selfless life without the sense of the presence of a divine man—in truth "the highest, gentlest, holiest, and most beneficent, with one exception, in the history of thought." It matters little to us that the story mounts back to times when it is hard to look for authentic records, that priestly tradition has overlaid the tale with many corruptions and inventions, and that the *Light of Asia* is a restoration, so to say, of the original

² Pref. ix.

story, and, like all restorations, but in a peculiarly high degree, is subject to the distortions and misconceptions of the restorer. In all their disagreements and corruptions the Buddhistical books at least agree in this, that they record "nothing,—no single act or word,—which mars the perfect purity and tenderness of this Indian teacher, who united the truest princely qualities with the intellect of a sage and the passionate devotion of a martyr."³ The Life speaks for itself. It bears no trace of common man's creation: on the contrary, it carries the unmistakable marks of a divine origin,—of the divineness of the supremely great man. It is incredible that such a record should have come from anything but such a life as it records.

And the life is all too natural, in the highest sense of nature, to need excuses or explanations. Christlike in many strong resemblances, it is wanting in the miraculous elements which have done so much to discredit the Evangel. It is an ideal human life, not that of a god become man, whatever the legends may say; and its phases are consistent with ordinary emotional experience. We do not mean to say that there is nothing of what is called the supernatural in Buddha and Buddhism: such a statement would be absurd enough of any religion, and peculiarly of the faith which had its birth in the home of the myth-loving Aryans. But the supernatural in Buddha's life is of the subjective kind: it can all be explained, as in Mohammed's case, by the high tension of religious fervour and the quickening of the finer perceptions of the mind by long periods of solitary meditation and subjection of the flesh. There is nothing in the life of Buddha to raise a smile at his credulity. It is all perfectly comprehensible to any man who has felt the power of the imagination in peculiar states of religious sensibility.

It is true the Buddha and the Buddhism of the *Light of Asia* are not

what we have been taught to picture to our minds—if we have formed any idea on the subject at all, that is to say. Perhaps the common notion of Buddhism is sufficiently expressed in the image of a prayer-wheel; whilst those of us who have carried our studies a little beyond the common bounds are contented with the recollection that Buddhists hold the doctrine of the Transmigration of Souls. But during the present generation the materials for gaining a more perfect knowledge of the great Indian teacher and his religion have become ample and easy of access; we have learnt that Buddhism is not necessarily hampered with the mechanical ritual we have read about in the *Huc* of our childhood; that in truth modern Buddhism and the teaching of Buddha himself are two widely different things. It is the fate of all religions to be travestied by their professors. The simple Christians of Galilee develop into the Evangelical on the one hand, and on the other into the advanced Ritualist, who—

"Like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high
Heaven
As make the angels weep."

The plain unvarnished theism of Islam produces such abortions as the Kar-mathian nihilists, the Isma'ilian assassins, and the Druse worshippers of the monster Khalif. And in like manner Buddhism has suffered in the hands of its followers. The superstitions and extravagances which mar its original purity are the result of "that inevitable degradation which priesthoods always inflict upon great ideas committed to their charge." Buddhism in its pure form, as its founder put it forth, is that rarest of combinations—a philosophic religion. Its pantheistic doctrine of emanation and remanation, with its perfectly consistent and almost necessary accompaniment of metempsychosis, is a theory which has very commonly commended itself to philosophical minds.

³ Preface, x.

There is nothing in Buddhism that strains the reason, yet much that ministers to the religious instinct. So reasonable, so philosophic, and withal so elevating, is this faith, that men who reject all other creeds are attracted by this, "which has in it the eternity of a universal hope, the immortality of a boundless love, an indestructible element of faith in final good, and the proudest assertion ever made of human freedom;" and there are not a few of the highest type of intellect in England at this moment who are, if they confessed it, virtually Buddhists.

All who know what Buddhism is in its original purity must lament the ignorance and apathy with which it is regarded by most even of what are called the educated classes. On every ground it deserves to be well known. Its study can only do good; and it may give a theory of life to some whom all other creeds have failed to impress. Mr. Edwin Arnold, who is already favourably known as an interpreter of Indian things, has seen this great ignorance, and has chosen a winning way to remove it. It is not easy to induce people to read a learned treatise on Gautama, nor even the bright little essay of M. de St. Hilaire; and the short text-books that are now to be had on the subject furnish for the most part merely the dry bones without the flesh and nerves. But it will be strange indeed if Mr. Arnold's version of Buddha's life do not find its way into a wide circle of readers: for in poetic treatment the dull parts of a subject must necessarily be but lightly touched, and only the more striking details set forth at length; and hence it is easier to read a poem than an essay, if there be equal command of language in the two cases. This is one reason, without doubt, why Mr. Arnold preferred to tell his story in verse. But another and a more urgent cause is seen in the necessity for a somewhat exalted and enthusiastic treatment of so grand a life. Such treatment seldom falls in with prose, and the attempt to write it

thus would have resulted in a rhetorical style which is apt to be the destruction of the English tongue. Poetry is the language of high deeds and thoughts, and in poetry alone can they be worthily set forth; and seldom has poetry found a fitter theme than the story of Buddha's life. There is, of course, the danger, peculiarly attaching to long poems in blank verse, of uneven level and of dragging before the end is reached. But Mr. Arnold has a genuine enthusiasm for his subject, and over four thousand lines of decasyllabics have not stifled his fervour. The interest of the story never flags to the very last of the eight books, and the high pitch of the narrative is never suffered to drop.

It would be a useless sort of flattery to tell Mr. Arnold that he has written one of the world's great epics; for he shows too much poetical feeling not to be aware of his own shortcomings. It cannot be denied that there is too large a proportion of halting lines, that he allows too often a false accent, and that he will write the same name (Himālaya, for instance) in several ways to fit the exigencies of his five feet. A much more serious fault is his fondness for queer words and odd constructions, which give the poem an air of affectation which can only mar its effect. The leaf that "bore less likeness Of Spring's soft greenery," and the home in which "Ligged our Lord Buddha," are examples of what we mean. There is also an ultra-oriental profusion of similes and descriptive passages, which are likely to pall on some palates, in spite of the beauty and originality of many of the metaphors and the genuine Eastern colouring which the descriptions of Indian life and scenery throw over the story. But flaws like these are not of great account in comparison with the many excellences that are to be weighed against them. The poem is well-proportioned, there is a sustained elevation of tone and simplicity of treatment which belong to the highest art, and the phraseology, in spite of affectations, is

perfectly free from those colloquialisms and every-day words that are so apt to destroy the poetical level of a long narrative piece. But, think what one will of the versification, it is not for the form that the *Light of Asia* will be read; it is the beauty of the thoughts with which it clothes the nobility of its subject that makes this story of Buddha a delight to the understanding.

The poem opens in heaven, with an echo of *Paradise Regained*. Buddha looks down upon the sorrows of men and the toil of life, and pities the suffering race that labours for mere existence and is cheered by no certain hope of a better time to come. And the Devas say: "Buddha will go again to help the world."

"'Yea,' spake He, 'now I go to help the world
This last of many times; for birth and death
End hence for me and those who learn my Law.
I will go down among the Sâkyas,
Under the southward snows of Himalay,
Where pious people live and a just King.'"

And that night Queen Maya dreamed that a glorious star overshadowed her; and "bliss beyond mortal mother's filled her breast." And there went a spirit of rejoicing over all the earth:—

"A lovely light
Forewent the morn. The strong hills shook; the waves
Sank lulled; all flowers that blow by day came forth
As 'twere high noon; down to the farthest hells
Passed the Queen's joy, as when warm sunshine thrills
Wood-glooms to gold, and into all the deeps
A tender whisper pierced. 'O ye,' it said,
'The dead that are to live, the live who die,
Uprise, and hear, and hope! Buddha is come!'"

And the wise men foretold a great destiny for the child that should be born: "who should deliver men from

ignorance, Or rule the world, if he will deign to rule." And so when he was born, "under a Palsa in the palace-grounds," which bent its leafy crown "to make a bower about Queen Maya's majesty," the regent angels bore the palanquin, and gods

"Walked free with men that day, though men knew not;
For Heaven was filled with gladness for Earth's sake,
Knowing Lord Buddha thus was come again."

So Siddârtha, as they named the boy, grew up to manhood. The King Suddhâdana sent for the wisest of the sages to teach his son all wisdom, but already he knew more than they could tell him. And with his wisdom he was yet reverent, modest, deferent; and there was none that more enjoyed the manly exercises of the age. None could better Siddârtha at the chase or the chariot race. But already that womanly tenderness would come out and surprise his mates, which found its crowning exercise in the great renunciation of his life.

"Yet in mid-play the boy would oft times pause,
Letting the deer pass free; would oft times yield
His half-won race because the labouring steeds
Fetched painful breath; or if his princely mates
Saddened to lose; or if some wistful dream
Swept o'er his thoughts. And ever with the years
Waxed this compassionateness of our Lord,
Even as a great tree grows from two soft leaves
To spread its shade afar; but hardly yet
Knew the young child of sorrow, pain, or tears,
Save as strange names for things not felt by kings,
Nor ever to be felt."

But he did not grow up without the suspicion of the world's misery and the knowledge of pain. The struggles of a wounded awan, the labour of the

sweated peasant "toiling for leave to live," the goaded flanks of the oxen, the raid of the kite, all told a different tale from the easy happiness of his royal leisure: he began to see "the thorns that grow upon this rose of life," how death was the sustenance of life, and each thing "slew a slayer and in turn was slain." And gazing thereon, and musing earnestly, the boy was filled with an intense pitiful love of living things, a "passion to heal pain;" and thus he passed, purified from taint of self, to Dhyāna, the first step of the way to Nirvāna, restful, sinless silence.

Now when Siddārtha was become a young man, the King Suddhōdana feared for the fulfilment of the saying of the wise men at his birth. For they had said the prince might rule the world as if he chose, or he would "deliver men from ignorance" by some great unknown sacrifice of himself. And the king dreaded lest the prince should choose the second life, and resolved to fend him from it by every barrier that he and his wise men could devise. If he is happy in his present life, he thought, he will not go out into the world on this mad errand. So he sought to make life sweet to the eyes of Siddārtha, yet could not drive away those moods of brooding melancholy which ever and anon dimmed his happiness "as the lake's silver dells with driving clouds."

And the king took council with his ministers, how to dispel this overthoughtful mood; and they counselled love:

"The thoughts ye cannot stay with brazen chains

A girl's hair lightly binds."

So the criers called the maidens of the city to the palace, and they passed before the prince, who gave them precious gifts, but sat so passionless, so gentle, so beyond them, that no girl dared meet his eyes. But last of the Sākya maids came Yasōdhara, and her gaze sought Siddārtha's; and then he sat no longer passionless, for

"Their eyes mixed, and of that look sprang love."

The king rejoiced that he had found a lure for his son; and Siddārtha came forward and challenged all comers for the maiden's hand, as was the custom with the Sākya. When he had conquered all in the arrow contest and with the sword,—

"The syces brought

A stallion dark as night, led by three chains,

Fierce-eyed, with nostrils wide and tossing mane,

Unshod, unsaddled, for no rider yet Had crossed him. Three times each

young Sākya Sprang to his mighty back, but the hot steed

Furiously reared, and flung them to the plain

In dust and shame; only Ardjuna held His seat a while, and, bidding loose the chains,

Lashed the black flank, and shook the bit, and held

The proud jaws fast with grasp of master-hand,

So that in storms of wrath and rage and fear

The savage stallion circled once the plain Half-tamed; but sudden turned with

naked teeth, Gripped by the foot Ardjuna, tore him

down, And would have slain him, but the grooms

ran in Fettering the maddened beast. Then all

men cried, 'Let not Siddārtha meddle with this Bhūt,

Whose liver is a tempest, and his blood Red flame;' but the Prince said, 'Let go

his chains, Give me the forelock only,' which he held

With quiet grasp, and, speaking some low word,

Laid his right palm across the stallion's eyes,

And drew it gently down the angry face, And all along the neck and panting flanks,

Till men astonished saw the night-black horse

Sink his fierce crest and stand subdued and meek,

As though he knew our Lord and worshipped him.

Nor stirred he while Siddārtha mounted, then

Went soberly to touch of knee and rein Before all eyes, so that the people said,

'Strive no more, for Siddārtha is the best.'

And all the suitors answered, 'He is best!'

* * * * *
Then the grey father spake, 'Worshipful Prince,
She that was ours henceforth is only thine;
Be good to her, who hath her life in thee.'
Wherewith they brought home sweet Yasôdhara,
With songs and trumpets, to the Prince's arms,
And love was all in all."

Yet even love might not hold the prince, unless within a prison-house; and for Siddârtha and his bride there now was reared a stately palace, with a soft southern view; but northwards towered "the stainless ramps of huge Himâla's wall," whose

"Lifted universe of crest and crag,
Shoulder and shelf, green slope and icy horn,
Riven ravine, and splintered precipice,
Led climbing thought higher and higher, until
It seemed to stand in heaven and speak with gods;"

and underneath, the plain

"Gleamed like a praying-carpet at the feet
Of those divinest altars."

Art filled this palace with its sweetest thoughts; the towers and pillared cloisters, the dark beams "carved with stories of old time," the alabaster threshold, the doors of sandal-wood, "cut in pictured panelling;" the latticed fronts, and painted roofs, held up by clustered columns round the fountain where the lotus grew; here was all that could indeed make "life glide by beguiled like a smooth stream, Banked by perpetual flowers." But wonder of all this wondrous palace, a hidden chamber there was, "where skill had spent all lovely fantasies to lull the mind."

"Here whether it was night or day none knew,
For always streamed that softened light, more bright
Than sunrise, but as tender as the eve's;
And always breathed sweet airs, more joy giving
Than morning's, but as cool as midnight's breath;

And night and day lutes sighed, and night and day
Delicious foods were spread, and dewy fruits,
Sherbets new chilled with snows of Himalay,
And sweetmeats made of subtle daintiness,
With sweet tree-milk in its own ivory cup.
And night and day served there a chosen band
Of nautch-girls, cup-bearers, and cymballers,
Delicate, dark-browed ministers of love,
Who fanned the sleeping eyes of the happy prince,
And when he waked, led back his thoughts to bliss
With music whispering through the blooms, and charm
Of amorous songs and dreamy dances linked
By chime of ankle-bells and wave of arms
And silver vina-strings; while essences
Of musk and champak and the blue haze spread
From burning spices soothed his soul again
To drowse by sweet Yasôdhara; and thus
Siddârtha lived forgetting."

Surely this life must satisfy, where all was shadeless joy, and where no trace of sickness or decay was suffered to appear, where no drooping beauty could escape the stern king's order of exile, where a silver thread in the nautch-girl's tresses was treason, "and every dawn the dying rose was plucked, The dead leaves hid;" and "Love was gaoler, and delights its bars." But the bars could not keep out what already lay unquietly in Siddârtha's breast. He felt that all life was not as his life, but rather to it as hell to heaven. He would start from sleep with a cry, "O world! I know—I come!" and in the moaning of the wind in the strings of the lyre he heard the Devas sing. And this was their song:—

"We are the voices of the wandering wind,
Which moan for rest, and rest can never find;
Lo! as the wind is, so is mortal life,
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.

"Wherefore and whence we are ye cannot know,
Nor where life springs, nor whither life doth go;

We are as ye are, ghosts from the inane;

What pleasure have we of our change-ful pain?

"What pleasure hast thou of thy change-less bliss?

Nay, if love lasted, there were joy in this;

But life's way is the wind's way, all these things

Are but brief voices breathed on shifting strings."

And they told him of a world of "streaming eyes and wringing hands," which waited for him to "leave love for love of lovers, for woe's sake—Quit state for sorrow, and deliverance make."

But as yet it was little that he knew of sorrow; sickness and death were dreams, not things he realised; until one day he begged to see the world outside his lovely prison, and as he passed through joyful streets, wherefrom the careful king had swept all touch of sadness and ill-seeming poverty, by some mischance,

"Midway in the road,
Slow tottering from the hovel where he hid,

Crept forth a wretch in rags, haggard and foul,

An old, old man, whose shrivelled skin, sun-tanned,

Clung like a beast's hide to his fleshless bones.

Bent was his back with load of many days,

His eyepits red with rust of ancient tears,
His dim orbs blear with rheum, his toothless jaws

Wagging with palsy and the fright to see
So many and such joy."

And when he asked alms, with "heavy painful breath," the prince turned and would know what thing this was; and Channa, the charioteer, told him it was but old age; and another time he sees a man with the plague on him, who "plucks and plucks to seize his grief, And rolls his bloodshot orbs, and grinds his teeth, And draws his breath as if 'twere choking smoke;" and Channa says it is only sickness; and once again he sees a dead man

borne to his pyre, and finds out death. And these three things, old age, sickness, death, will come to every man—even him, the happy prince, and sweet Yasôdhara. Then even love is bitter to him, and the princess asks weeping if now her lord has no more comfort in her?

"Ah, Sweet!" he said, "such comfort that my soul

Aches, thinking it must end, for it will end,

And we shall both grow old, Yasôdhara! Loveless, unlovely, weak, and old, and bowed.

Yea, though we locked up love and life with lips

So close that night and day our breaths grew one,

Time would thrust in between to filch away

My passion and thy grace, as black Night steals

The rose-gleams from yon peak, which fade to grey.

And are not seen to fade. This have I found,

And all my heart is darkened with its dread,

And all my heart is fixed to think how Love

Might save its sweetness from the slayer, Time,

Who makes men old."

All life was now a mystery to him. Were the gods careless or powerless, that they let such sorrow be? If careless, then not good; if powerless, were they gods? No man would leave any to weep if he could dry the tears: then why should great Brahm "make a world and keep it miserable?" Sid-dârtha must go forth and seek the answer of his doubts. The time has come to choose between his lives—whether to rule, a mighty king, with naked sword, and bloody chariot-wheels, "till earth wears the red record of my name;" or rather yield up this pomp and majesty of power, this ease of life and joy of love, and go forth to seek for truth, clad as the humblest, with whom now to dwell, fed of the charitable, sheltered by cave or jungle-bush: and his choice is made, he will give up himself for the world, because its pitiful cry is come unto him, and he

has seen its sorrow and sickness ; and he will heal it, "if healing may be found By uttermost renouncing and strong strife."

" Oh, summoning stars, I come ! Oh, mournful earth !

For thee and thine I lay aside my youth,
My throne, my joys, my golden days,
my nights,
My happy palace, — and thine arms,
sweet Queen !

Harder to put aside than all the rest ! "

It is night ; and Yasôdhara is sleeping ; the tears of the coming grief, forefelt, lie wet on her cheek : yet he must go.

" So with his brow he touched her feet, and bent

The farewell of fond eyes, unutterable,
Upon her sleeping face, still wet with tears ;

And thrice around the bed in reverence,
As though it were an altar, softly stepped

With clasped hands laid upon his beating heart,

" For never, spake he, ' lie I there again ! "

And thrice he made to go, but thrice came back,

So strong her beauty was, so large his love :

Then, o'er his head drawing his cloth, he turned

And raised the purdah's edge."

And Siddârtha was gone out into the world " To seek deliverance and that unknown Light."

For six weary years he wandered over the earth, courting all hardships and all pain, seeking from every experience of life, from all who were esteemed wise, some answer to his questionings. But none could answer him. The cause of sorrow and wrong, the meaning and end of life, many were seeking, but none had found. He went to the ascetics on Ratnagiri's groves, who "hold the body foe to soul," and

" Dismantle and dismember this fair House,

Whose windows gave us light—the little light—

Whereby we gaze abroad to know if dawn

Will break, and whither winds the better road."

And though he could not teach these self-tormentors a more excellent way, he went on sorrowfully, seeing how men

" Fear so to die they are afraid to fear,
Lust so to live they dare not love their life,

But plague it with fierce penances ; " and as he lifted a limping lamb that toiled behind the flock, he thought, surely

" 'Twere all as good to ease one beast of grief

As sit and watch the sorrows of the world

In yonder caverns with the priests who pray."

And he went on his blameless way, bearing all ills and giving all help to suffering men, so that they took him for a pitiful god ; his body wasted away with weary fasts, and too long days of ceaseless meditation, of " Keen unravelling of the threads of thought, And steadfast pacing of life's labyrinths," until his many swoons brought him near to death ; and he had died, but that the chance song of the passing nautch-girls showed him the folly of his overstrained life. Thus they sang :—

" Fair goes the dancing when the sitar's tuned ;

Tune us the sitar neither low nor high,
And we will dance away the hearts of men.

" The string o'erstretched breaks, and the music flies ;

The string o'er slack is dumb, and music dies ;

Tune us the sitar neither low nor high."

And still he sought, though with less recklessness of life, life's secret ; and still the answer came not. At last he came unto the Tree of Wisdom, and sat beneath its branches. And here the Prince of Darkness, Dhana, came to him with his fiends to tempt him with all the terrors of hell and the wiles of wantonness and the lures of power ; and the ten great Sins assailed him, worst of them all, Kama, the King of Passions, with " Bands of bright shapes, with heavenly eyes and lips," singing of love :

"For who hath grieved when soft arms
shut him safe,
And all life melted to a happy sigh,
And all the world was given in one
warm kiss?"

And the false shape of sweet Yasôdhara came before him, with brimming eyes and yearning arms, and strove to move him from his great resolve: but even this was vain, like all the lures that followed. So Buddha won the victory in that night, and passed up the steps that lead to perfect knowledge, seeing all life, and all his former lives, laid open to his unveiled sight; learning the uses of those former lives, "how new life reaps what the old life did sow;" seeing at last "the Power which builds, unbuilds, and builds again," evolving dark to light, death to life, unformed to formed, "good unto better, better unto best, by wordless edict;" grasping the use of sorrow, shadow inseparable of life; and the end of true self-conquering life, blessed Nirvâna, sinless rest, "the change that never changes." And Buddha had found the deliverance.

Then he went again through the land, teaching the new-found law, and making all men sharers of the hope which he had won "by uttermost renouncing:" till at length he came once more unto his father's city. Sorrowful and loveless had been the years to King Suddhâdana, and no joy had there been to Yasôdhara. The messengers they had sent to scour the world had brought no tidings of the vanished prince, whose queen was tearworn, drawn with grief, and her step slow and painful, "which had the roe's gait and the rose-leaf's fall." But when all hope seemed dead, there came merchants unto the city, who brought word of Siddârtha,—"they had seen and worshipped him—he was journeying hither, to this place." And they made ready a royal welcome for the prince, and his widowed bride went to the gate to meet him. But when there came

"One slow approaching with his head
close shorn,

A yellow cloth over his shoulder cast,
Girt as the hermits are, and in his hand
An earthen bowl, shaped melon-wise,
the which

Meekly at each hut-door he held a
space,
Taking the granted dole with grateful
thanks
And all as gently passing where none
gave,"

no man knew Siddârtha; though his high presence and "sweet eyes of holiness smote all," that they gazed awe-struck, and marvelled who this should be.

"But as he came with quiet footfall on
Nigh the pavilion, lo! the silken door
Lifted, and, all unveiled, Yasôdhara
Stood in his path, crying, 'Siddârtha!
Lord!'

With wide eyes streaming and with
close-clasped hands,
Then, sobbing, fell upon his feet, and
lay."

And thus Lord Buddha came back to the kingdom he had renounced, lord of an empire which lay far around, and far before, in the thankful hearts of men. For "forty-five rains thereafter" lived he among his people, teaching the Path to rest. At the king's right hand he sat; around were ranged the Sâkyas lords, and behind "the calm brethren in the yellow garb;" between his knees his child Rahula; and at his feet

"Sate sweet Yasôdhara, her heart-aches
gone,
Foreseeing that fair love which doth
not feed
On fleeting sense, that life which knows
no age,
That blessed last of deaths when Death
is dead,
His victory and hers."

And thus he taught the Path, until at length it fell that Buddha died, and came unto Nirvâna, "where the Silence dwells."

"*The dew is on the Lotus! Rise, great Sun!
And lift my leaf and mix me with the
wave.*

OM MANI PADME HUM, the Sunrise comes!
The Dew-drop slips into the shining sea!"

STANLEY LANE-POOLE.

IRELAND, 1840—1880.

HAVING been at work for over forty years improving an estate in Ireland, on the old-fashioned, downright way common sense suggests, it has been urged upon me that it might do good at the present time to give an account of what has been done. I have had no new plans of improvement, but began simply with a very neglected estate in the extreme South, with one advantage only, that the subdivision of farms had not yet gone so far as elsewhere (most being still twenty or thirty acres in extent). I have nothing to boast of, except that the work has succeeded. The plan pursued has been gradually, with some reasonable consideration, to get rid of the bad tenants, and give their land to the good ones who remained, thus enabling them to do better still. It was nothing else but a process of Natural Selection, in which the tenant's own qualities, good or bad, were made the cause of the Survival of the Fittest.

It was clearly seen from the first that the Irish difficulty was a moral difficulty, and nothing else—in the true sense of the word *mores*—as I think no one could doubt who saw the typical Irish tenant as I saw him forty years ago, dirty and ragged, his breeches without a button at the knees, and his worsted stockings about his heels, hopelessly unimprovable for any useful end involving continued hard work or steady purpose. I had no thought either for or against clearing the estate, as it is called. I wanted it in the hands of good tenants.

The hindrances to any man's prosperity in Ireland, of whatever class, are simply his own faults. A few may

have met with hardships and drawbacks, as some will do in every country under the sun, I suppose, so long as this world is not Heaven. But every honest industrious man in any walk of life in Ireland has chances of prospering better than he would have elsewhere, so far as my knowledge extends. And the best proof is that honest, industrious men invariably prosper. I am constantly asked by men of different classes what they shall do with their sons. I have the same answer for all. If honest and true, their chances in Ireland are far before any others.

There has been no difficulty in the way of any man in Ireland that ordinary industry and energy could not get over. The true hindrances have been his own faults. Drink, indolence, debt, and scheming, with ignorance and want of self-reliance as consequences. 1. *Drink* is much the most common and ruinous fault, not alone drunkenness, but taking a drop whenever he has a chance. The enormous multitude of public-houses lately mentioned in the House of Lords, and of which I could give grievous proofs, shows clearly the drinking habits of the people. 2. *Idleness*. Let any one look at the armies of docks and thistles enough to seed a parish in every field he passes—even in the beloved potato gardens—and the matting of couch besides, which farmer and wife and children look at with idle hands because such weeds are supposed to keep the crop warm. Milk unskimmed till a green fungus shows on it, and all chance of good butter is gone, though so small an improvement in the quality of the butter

as would make it worth 2*d.* per lb. extra, would put a million a year into Irish pockets. Haycocks left in the field and the rain until near winter, and their value is reduced by half. I name these things because their profit or loss is all in the same year, and to do them rightly would pay many fold, even if the farm were given up at the year's end. 3. *Debt*, I need not speak of. It is universal. Nor 4, *Scheming*, which has been the very life-blood of agitation (since the time of O'Connell downward), and of almost everything else that is done in Ireland, being, as it is, the national outcome of the universal want of truth. 5. *Ignorance*. Not the want of the three R's, but of common-sense principles and facts, the knowledge of which seems like an inheritance of light when one has lived long in Ireland. The ignorance is equally great whether it relates to farming or any other kind of work or duty, either magistrates', or Poor Law business, or any other, for the right performance of which a knowledge of sound social principles is wanted.

There are a few points I had perhaps better begin by disposing of.

The Land Act made little difference to me. My work was done long before it was dreamed of. I had very few bad tenants left. Most of the land was in the hands of the good tenants, with farms of sufficient size to employ a pair of horses thoroughly, the minimum size with which it is possible for any one to farm economically. The chief effect of the Land Act on me has been, that when a tenant from any cause has gone to the bad—I am obliged to wait for some years longer until he hangs himself completely, before I can get rid of him. It is mainly a matter of time, and that he is thus able to reduce his farm more than it otherwise would have been reduced. Once a tenant has reduced his farm, he is sure to fail sooner or later, whatever help he may get, or lucky seasons may happen to him. It is never a single

fault that, in my experience, sinks a tenant. Even drink takes a long time by itself. But the man who drinks is generally indolent too, and often quarrelsome with his family and neighbours. And as he finds himself doing badly, he gets in debt to banks and usurers, and so his end is hastened.

All through the bad famine times, and the many years I have been in Ireland, I never knew a single case of an honest, industrious tenant, either my own or my neighbours', having failed. At the rate land is usually let, if the farm has not been run out, and no big leak like drink exists, it is sure to pull its occupier through till better times come. Again and again I have seen tenants under great drawbacks, as widows with young children, do better than their neighbours who had far more chances, only because they worked on quietly and steadily even on a bad system. Once a tenant's faults have brought him low, I never knew an instance of his recovery. His impoverished land was the stone round his neck that drowned him.

It would be much better for all concerned, landlord and tenant and labourer, as well as for the country, that when a tenant has run out his farm he should give it up quickly, instead of struggling on for years in deepening debt, under the operation of the Land Act. He would have more left if he gave up quickly, because he would be less in debt, and his land, because less reduced, would yield more produce afterwards. In this way the Land Act is a real hindrance to improvement, a grievous one to those who had not got their estates in order before it passed. Instead of its being possible to improve a neglected estate in ten or twelve years (as it was when my work was done), a much longer time and greater loss of money are unavoidable. Fewer landlords, therefore, are willing or able to undertake its improvement. In this respect the Act is wholly

hurtful, with no gain to set against the loss, except that of enabling bad tenants to hang on some years longer, whilst more thoroughly ruining themselves.

But the most curious evil the Act has caused has been by the greater facilities for debt it has given the tenants. As by the Act a tenant *cannot* now be turned out of his farm without large compensation, except for non-payment of rent, he is by so much a safer debtor to banks and usurers and shopkeepers. One of the most discouraging features of Irish character is indifference to debt. It is almost as bad in one class as in another. So long as money can be borrowed anyhow to go on with, everybody seems to think all is right. Whatever the cause, it is certain that the extent to which people of all sorts, from the labourer upwards, go in debt, is ruinous. Debt of course at last produces its certain fruit. And whilst being ruined, the debtor and his family are kept in chronic misery. Some of us, for many years past, have protested that this almost universal state of debt is one great evil to the country. The banks are greatly to blame for lending to men they know to be insolvent, provided they can get security. The pinch of the present year has revealed what neither friends nor opponents of the Land Act foresaw—numbers of tenants have borrowed on the strength of the better security the Act gave them, and as in a tight year banks and all lenders have to draw in for their own safety, these men are in trouble in consequence. The money has been spent unproductively. I need not say what is the result.

By the Land Act Parliament tried to give protection to tenants against the landlords, and it has produced ill effects in another direction worse than those it was meant to cure. To prevent a very few capricious evictions it has greatly increased the facilities for debt, and will surely ruin great numbers for one it saves from capricious eviction.

Debt slips on, little felt in better years except by the renewal of bills, a tight year like the present comes, and the man is ruined. Some of our wise M.P.'s have talked of a Bill to hinder ejectments for non-payment of rent for twelve months. But what good is it possible for a ruined man to do in a farm? I ejected one tenant last month; and between the time I got the decree and its execution a fortnight afterwards, no less than five or six decrees for debts were executed upon the stock he had, and it is known there are more still to come. The occupation of a farm by a ruined tenant is a loss to all, especially to himself and the public. Stopping ejectments could cure nothing. It would leave the evil and its cause untouched. When will men learn that a pauper is a pauper and nothing else, whether he is a tenant or not? and so long as he is a pauper, he can only act as such. It would make a change above words in Ireland if men could only learn to know a fact when they see it before their eyes.

The Home Rule party have come to think it the most hopeful plan that tenants, with the help of loans from the Government, should buy the fee-simple of their own farms whenever the estate is for sale, and so become peasant proprietors.

If moderation and judgment are used in the number and quality of such peasant purchasers, no objection can be made to this plan. A good tenant will make a good peasant proprietor, and a bad tenant the reverse. The plan must be carried out gradually, and the purchaser find *bonâ-fide* a substantial part of the purchase money. Some such plan, by the help of land banks, would probably do good in England and Scotland too, as it is believed to do in Prussia. The change of tenure will not make a bad tenant, who is in debt, into a good solvent peasant proprietor. The worst misery in Ireland has been on a few small estates, one of them belonging to the Crown, on which the

tenants were in fact proprietors, and allowed to do just as they liked. There are plenty of long leases, long enough to make the tenants substantially owners. Adjoining my property there are a number of tenants with leases of 2,000 years. None of them show any improvement tending to prove that small proprietors would do better than the present tenants, but rather the other way. My tenants are far better off than these men.

No doubt the number of owners of land in Ireland is too small. It will be no remedy to do hurt in another direction. It is by great industry, skill, and thrift alone that peasant proprietors thrive in other countries. The class of small landowners in Belgium and elsewhere work harder and live harder than any other class in Europe; and not only the men, but all the rest of their families too, including women. They have often, too, a skill in farming inherited from many previous generations. The same lesson comes from America. It is not too much to say that the Irish peasant is wanting in every quality needful for success as a small landowner. It is seldom that he has either skill or industry. He is clever enough, but he has no backbone. When he succeeds as a tenant, it is mostly because the rent is so light. He lives too in a climate the worst possible for small farming, where corn never grows well, not even oats, whilst grass and turnips thrive by nature with little trouble.

A word on fixity of tenure, or making the Ulster tenant-right compulsory all over Ireland, so that all tenants shall be at liberty to sell their farms to the highest bidder, with little reference to the landlord.

Tenant-right was made legally binding in Ulster because the Ulster landowners had, almost without exception, freely consented to it and acted upon it. The points in the custom favourable to the landowners (mainly the security for present rent at a time when rents were very ill paid) were

the consideration for this consent. A large proportion of the Ulster tenants have bought their farms from the former occupiers with the consent of the landlords, who got their arrears of rent out of the purchase money. There was therefore a clear equity in the matter. And by the Land Act, wherever else in Ireland the customs "substantially" exist they are as legally binding as in Ulster. And even when a limited sum has been paid by the incoming to the outgoing tenant with the landlord's knowledge, that sum is a charge on the farm against the owner if the tenant leaves it.

It is plain that to make the Ulster customs compulsory where they have not existed, and where a tenant has paid nothing on getting possession of his farm, would be simply to rob the owner of part of his reversion, and give a bonus gratis to whoever chanced to be tenant. It is quite different from the case of the tenant having himself paid a predecessor for the right of occupation. That a tenant is to get ten to twenty years' purchase for that which cost him nothing, and which the landowner never thought of giving him when he let the farm, will not bear discussion.

No doubt it would give great satisfaction to tenants who never paid a shilling for it, that on leaving their farms (even for non-payment of rent) they should get a large sum from the owner or succeeding tenant. But besides the question of wrong, the custom of an incoming tenant paying a large sum to his predecessor must be hurtful to all, except the man who pockets the money. It clears out of capital every tenant who takes a farm, except the very richest, and shortens the available capital even of these. The competition is far keener than under the most rack-renting landlord. The payment occurs at the very time when a tenant most wants all his capital in order to stock and manure his new farm. In Ulster not only all the capital the new tenant has is thus paid away, but all he can

borrow besides, for the sake of getting more land. The practice is the very opposite to that of the landlords and agents of well-managed estates in England and Scotland, who never accept a new tenant till he has shown that he has sufficient capital to farm the land thoroughly well. By the Ulster tenant-right it is secured that a new tenant shall have insufficient capital, or none at all.

Such a custom is really more injurious to the tenant than to the landowner. All landowners in other parts, with any knowledge of their business, guard especially against it. I can say that I clearly saw the evil forty years ago, and have taken the utmost care since that no tenant of mine should ever pay a shilling to a predecessor, though I have very few tenants to whom I either have not let his farm or let him such an addition to it as to make it in substance a new letting. I always took precautions to keep it, to the last moment, so uncertain to whom I should give the land, that all were afraid to pay anything to the outgoing tenant, knowing that a suspicion of their having paid anything would secure their not getting the land.

No tenant in Ireland that I ever knew had capital enough to farm his land well, and I think it suicidal for him, and a sure loss to me, that any part of his capital should be paid to his predecessor instead of being available to farm his land well.

Whenever good farming becomes general, the customs will be found to be ruinous in Ulster too. So long as the linen trade, and especially hand-loom weaving, prevailed in country parts, the injury of tenant-right was not felt. The weaving supplied capital to buy small lots of land, and farm them afterwards. That the Ulster tenant-right is no security against starvation or distress is clear from the state of parts of Donegal. The Ulster tenant-right prevails to the utmost height in Donegal, and the distress in Donegal

now is quite as bad as in the worst parts of Connaught, if not worse.

I now come to my own doings for the improvement of an estate of nearly 4,000 acres. I have said the estate had been thoroughly neglected. My grandfather never saw it in his life. My father never saw it but once, when he drove along the mail-coach road that skirts it in a carriage, stopped for half-an-hour to talk to the tenants who met him, and then drove back again. The agent was bad, and about 1838 turned out dishonest and took a large sum of rent for his own use. It was needful that some one should look after the estate. I had been brought up at Harrow and Balliol, and was a lawyer about London on the Home Circuit. Having been born and lived much in Suffolk, on the very edge of Norfolk, where some knowledge of farming, like Dogberry's reading and writing, comes by nature, I undertook to look after the estate. In fact I knew all about the theory of good farming, but very little of the practical working details.

I soon made up my mind to do without any agent and manage the estate wholly myself, going over two or three times a year to receive the rent and do what was needful. There was not a house upon it where I could put up for a night.

At that time Mr. W. Blacker, of Armagh, was considered the most successful agent in Ireland. He had done wonders on some ill-managed estates, and as I was well known to some of his principals, he kindly received me for a fortnight, showed me all his doings, and took me to stay on some other estates in the neighbouring counties, where the same system was at work.

Of course there were bad and good among our tenants; many were in arrears, some largely. The first step was to get rid of the arrears. A few, who were well off, were asked to pay them off gradually. The same form was gone through with all. But, in fact, much the greater number were

forgiven wholly, and were only asked to pay future rents regularly.

There were a good many old leases, of farms of 100 acres, made before the year 1800. These had been subdivided into four farms, the old lease still existing; and of course the four tenants were legally answerable for each other. Though it involved some legal risk, each was allowed to pay his own rent, and the mutual liability abolished, so as to give a better chance to the good ones for exertion.

All tenants were allowed to understand that, lease or no lease, they should hold their farms at the same rent for their lives, and the rent should only be raised to those who came after them. The only exception was in cases of gross misconduct of any kind; but it was duly impressed on all that whatever rent any one had contracted to pay, must be paid regularly on fixed days. The principle acted on was that every man should fulfil whatever contract he had made, or give up the land to me as owner.

The most convenient times for paying rent were early in July for spring rents, and early in December for harvest rents. A month before the day fixed, a printed note was sent to each tenant to say I should be in Ireland that day, and requested payment then. No turnips and very little clover were grown by any tenants; potatoes followed by wheat, and then oats, oats, whilst the land would grow any; paring and burning often for potatoes. No grass seeds were sown when the land was left to "rest," as it was called; i.e., to grow weeds till another skin had formed, that could be pared and burnt again.

This was the blessed system by which it is now said that the tenant of former days brought the land into cultivation, and is supposed to have conferred a benefit on the owners, for which the present successor of the tenant ought to be compensated; but by which, in truth, he worked the soul out of the land by exhaustive cropping and little manuring.

A Scotch griever was brought over to teach the tenants to grow turnips and clover. It was necessary to go myself to every tenant and urge him to grow half an acre or an acre of turnips. Seed was distributed. The clover seed (of which he knew the value, and which was got good and cheaply from London) was sold on credit till after harvest. The Scotchman's business was to watch the plots for turnips, help in the sowing and thinning, and advise in all ways. Prizes of Scotch ploughs were offered for the best turnips. Before, there had not been a good plough on the estate; wooden things only, that would only scratch the surface, and with which no man could turn a furrow. That grass seeds should be sown in all corn crops was insisted on. The land never having grown clover before, it grew like a dwarf wall. Such crops I never saw before or since; they were a pleasure to look at.

These steps told very quickly; the additional food grown for cattle, made all stock rapidly thrive and increase. It was easy to rear a few extra calves; better-fed stock gave more and better manure, and thus crops of all sorts improved too. The improved payments of rent were a surprise. Except those who were too far gone for recovery, all rents were paid on the days fixed; and till the famine came, all trouble seemed to be over. I have often begun at eleven, and by three had a full half-year's rent in bank, without one defaulter or one angry word.

The first tenant who did not pay—a lazy schemer as ever lived, and a Protestant—was turned out, and his thirty-one acres (divided into twenty-nine fields) started as a model farm under the Scotchman.

At that time many of the tenants' with farms were very much scattered, fields in four or five separate parts, often far off, the waste and inconvenience of which were a great loss to them. The first improvement aimed at was to get each man's land about

his house and yard, joining the rest that he had. The regular payment of rent on fixed days, so that there were no overhanging arrears, was very beneficial to the tenants themselves. Every one felt that when his rent was paid the surplus was his own; and many began to prepare for the next payment from the time the previous payment was made. This lightened the difficulty much. It soon appeared that some were too far gone to recover, and they gradually failed. They were offered forgiveness of whatever they owed, allowed to take away freely all they had, and given a small sum—usually 10*l.*—if they left without causing expense for law. Hardly any refused the offer. There were scarcely any ejections. At that time there was no doubt we were greatly over-populated. Emigration was the great resource, and most went to America.

As I did my own business, and kept my own counsel, no one could guess, when a broken tenant gave up, to whom I should let his land. I used it in consolidating the farms of others. I offered A (the next neighbour, perhaps) ten acres of it, provided he gave up five outlying acres he had in a distant part. Then I offered the five acres which A gave up, to B who was near to them, provided he gave up two acres, another separate bit of his, to C; and so on. Every good tenant soon found out, that a broken tenant being put out, might mean a substantial gain to himself, one very dear to his heart; he got the field close to his own house that he had coveted all his life, his very Naboth's vineyard, which had been the cause of endless strife from the mutual trespass of his own and his neighbour's cattle. I gave up all thought for the time of getting more rent for land thus added to farms. The old rents were charged.

Thus public opinion on the estate, when any tenant was put out, became wholly on my side. They knew better than I did that he was quite broken, and that not paying his rent was only

the last symptom. And as all hoped to gain by his misfortune, he met with no sympathy. Anything so different from the difficulties and heart-rending scenes supposed to happen when a tenant in Ireland is dispossessed, I suppose was never seen. The men put out knew that they got better terms than they could get by going to law, and so were satisfied; and everybody else was glad. Improvements made by the tenant there were none.

In this way in a few years every tenant's land was got near his house and yard, where he could farm it with most advantage, and at least cost of labour; and as he paid no more per acre than under the former system, the gain to him was great. Besides, some farms were much enlarged which had been small before, and so were enabled to employ a pair of horses fully.

The next step was to arrange roads for each farm, so that every part of it might be accessible to carts for drawing manure on the fields, and drawing home the crops. Before, though the country is not mountainous, but only somewhat hilly, many farms had large parts that no cart could approach. Whenever manure was carried out, it was in panniers on the backs of horses; and, of course, very little was thus carried.

To utilise the existing roads and lanes, widening them, and adding bits of new road where necessary, was not a very heavy job, and a couple of years' work did all that was wanted in this way, and made every farm practicable for an industrious tenant.

These things were hardly completed when the famine of 1845-6 fell on us. In 1843 I had settled in Ireland. It is not too much to say that the famine knocked the whole previously existing social state into chaos. Our tenants stood the crash much better than their neighbours. There was no starvation or even want among them. With good stock, and food for stock, they easily got through 1846. Farmers then had many labourers living on

their farms, for all of whom I provided work in draining. I do not remember a single application for work from a tenant whilst he held on as such.

But the spring and summer of 1847, especially when it appeared that the potatoes were again diseased, altogether upset most of the less-well-off tenants. America was the only bourn. No one who has lived in Ireland can doubt that farmers with their habits could not get on there without potatoes. Potatoes were twisted into every thought and idea they had, and they were utterly ignorant of all else, except the modicum of knowledge of turnips and better farming which my Scotchman had put into them. The gain of even this trifle was evident in those who remained, and helped them much, as it did also neighbours who were near enough to copy them in part. Especially it lessened the hopeless feeling amongst them that it was impossible to live and farm without potatoes. Still it was the common saying amongst the farmers, "The landlords and the labourers will soon have all the land to themselves." That was the universal feeling. Many hundred acres, the land of those who gave up, were thrown on my hands. I tried to let at the old rents to those who remained, but such was the state of prostration among all, that no one was willing to close. The rents were low before, and I was unwilling to make a greater sacrifice, so I had to undertake it myself. At first I meant to hold it only till I could let it fairly. In Norfolk, where most of my knowledge of farming was gained, landlords' farming was thought never to pay. And I knew no instance in Ireland of such farming and land improvement having paid. Sheep, however, did not require buildings, and lambs were luckily very cheap. Useful lambs, fit for any farmer, were bought for 5*s.* each in July. Four hundred lambs for 100*l.* was not a serious pull on capital; they were equal to such as would now cost 25*s.* each. Weaned calves in autumn cost 25*s.* to 30*s.* each.

Draining and improvements went on, for though many tenants were gone, many labourers remained and needed work. There was much wet land on the farms given up. Any tenant who failed was offered work on the improvements. Often they were allowed to stay in their former houses as labourers, till I could build better ones. Some of the most trustworthy labourers I have had, were these broken tenants. I have them still, after thirty-five years, and sons of such. Their pride has been to go to Mass better dressed than the small farmers around. No one can doubt that they have lived more comfortable lives. As to ill-will between us, there never was a bit, but thorough friendship.

For many years it was very up-hill work. The land was so utterly worn out that it seemed as if no manuring would recover it. At length folding sheep on turnips, for which at first I thought the climate too wet, began to tell. But from not fully understanding it, we killed the sheep horribly. I have seen five or six sheep hung up by their heels on the hurdles in one morning. So the balance for rent and interest at the year's end was for a long time small. Then it improved, and made a jump. We gradually learnt how to meet the difficulties, till the hope arose that we could make the land pay more in our own hands than if let to tenants. In time the profits took to making a jump every third or fourth year, and passed the old rent, and so went on till there was a clear net balance of profit for rent and interest of over 40*s.* per acre, the old rent having averaged a good deal under 20*s.* per acre. And as the quantity of land in hand had now increased to near 1,000 acres, I need not point out that such a profit as 1000*l.* a year above the former rent was comfortable. The balance-sheets since 1845 can all be produced. At least it is certain from them that I have not cheated myself. The accounts are made up each year to May 1,

because crop and fat stock are then all sold, and the least is left to valuation. May 1, 1878, the profit was only 34s. per acre; May 1, 1879, only 27s. 6d. We are sure from prices that May 1, 1880, will be much higher again, and have no fears for the future. Gradually the land has been farmed much more highly, bought manures and feeding stuffs being largely used. The outlay for these on May 1, 1879, exceeded 20s. per acre of the farm, all charged in full to the year; and the quantity used increases every year steadily. Without good feeding with cake and corn we could do nothing, though our best fields of swedes are often 35 tons per acre, grown by 12 cwt. per acre of bought manure, besides what is made on the farm. The gross produce yielded by the land now is fully four times what it was in the hands of small occupiers.

From the way we have taken it up the land which I hold has been the poorest by nature and the most exhausted by the worst tenants. In fact, speaking generally, I hold all the worst land, and the tenants all the better land on the property. Anything more miserable than its state cannot be conceived. I have often laughed at tenant-right advocates who urge that they have a claim to compensation for having reclaimed the land from a state of nature. The truth is they took every good thing out of the land that nature at first put in it, and left it as near a *caput mortuum* as possible. By paring and burning and over cropping they had brought it so down that it would not even grow couch. A few docks and thistles and a tuft of hard grass here and there, with the bare red soil between, was not uncommon. I have seen turnip drills, made ten years before, from which the few small bulbs had been pulled, and the tenant had not thought it worth while to plough them for corn. Three or four good manurings with intervals of grass have not brought such land up to a fair average state. I had to pay for the neglect and faults of

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those who went before me, bad tenants having been the doers of the mischief. I do not say this to complain, but to show why the land was so many years before it paid, and what had to be faced. All was terribly run down; some worse than the rest.

No tenant was ever turned out because I wished for his land on account of its goodness, or to round off other land in hand. I just took up what the tenants could not live on, and made the best of it.

Whilst this has gone on the rest of the tenants have gradually come to thrive thoroughly. Of some, on the deaths of their fathers, or when large additions have been made to their farms, the rents have been raised. This has been done on my own practical judgment, as farming like land myself, but making allowance for the tenants being ignorant and bad farmers still. As a body they are far better off than an equal number on any neighbouring estate. Except from their own personal faults, chiefly from drink, that a tenant should fail is unknown. But we have had some cases of the fathers having been worthy, industrious men, who did well, and their sons having turned out worthless. The bad times and prices of the last three years made five tenants this winter unable to pay their rents. Every one of the five is an habitual drinker, who has been going down for the last ten years, but struggled on by the help of friends and chances, till the present bad times brought the crisis. Two are already gone. Two more, one of whom holds near fifty acres, have not a four-footed beast, beyond a cat, on their land, and are sure soon to follow, and the fifth likewise, unless unusual luck should cause a respite. There is the very best of goodwill between the tenants and me and my family.

To act strictly in any way is so unusual in Ireland that it is impossible for the course I have always taken to be popular, and indeed the rules I

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act on are often not liked. But the tenants thrive and are richer than others, and it is hard to get over that. I am sure there is not one of them who does not know that I wish to see him thrive, and will do whatever is reasonable to help him. They consult me on all sorts of subjects (outside their position as tenants), and act on my opinion. I have had one who deals in guano send me 500*l.* of his own to London to buy guano for him.

A firm, resolute hand, which gives scheming no chance, and will not listen to a whine, but which acts fairly and on sufficient occasion kindly, because it is right to do so, and not from that favouritism towards the individual, which is one of the curses of the country—is a positive help to tenants, because it encourages self-reliance. Above all else it is needful that whatever one has once said should be strictly kept to; that no one should have the least doubt that, whatever advantage he has been allowed to look for he is quite certain to get, is a most powerful lever for influence, and gives tenfold force to any threats it may be needful to use.

I have stated fully what I have done with my own farm because I think it tends to prove my point that the evils of Ireland are *moral*. There is nothing to hinder any one else from doing what I have done. It has not been done by large wealth. The estate at first was only half its present size. Happily the famine forced me when still young to live well within the income, and in the then doubt whether farming or improvements in Ireland could be made to pay, it was necessary, if one was not to go into it as a speculation, to meet all outlay, even that for farming stock, out of surplus income. It was of course hard work; as one who did the same in another county said to me, "We had to live on bread and cheese for many years," but it has repaid itself since in money and in self-

satisfaction twenty times over. The estate begins to be a pleasure to look at. If men will not live within their incomes they can do nothing good, and are only a sort of showy paupers.

As to the tenants, though they farm better than their neighbours, and have quite given up the worst bad practices—such as two corn crops running; and though many have sufficient capital to farm well the quantity of land they hold, they are still very far from being good farmers, or making the most profit from their land. It is quite certain, however, that they are far before any small proprietors in Ireland. The profit they are able to make in good years, and are known to make, is very large. If Parliament gave them a large part of the interest in the estate that now belongs to me there is no doubt they would prefer it. But there could be no advantage to any one from such a change of property. The land was all bought by me and those from whom I have inherited. The tenants agreed freely to hire it, and have all had the benefit of their bargains. The majority have made, and are making, good profit, and those who have failed have done so from their personal faults. If the same system is persevered in there is no doubt, that as the tenants' knowledge, skill, and capital increase, they will be able fairly to pay higher rents for the land and make a larger profit for themselves besides.

All the draining on the estate has been done by me; and none, except one bog, on which turf is still cut, remains to be done. Sometimes I have drained for the tenants and charged them an increased rent of 5 per cent on the outlay. When, however, more than a few acres of a farm needed draining, the tenant usually begged me to take it off his hands, and allow him a reduction of the acreable rent for the number of wet acres taken. This was a gain, of course, to him, but I agreed to it, his real reason for asking

it being that he had not horses strong enough to plough rough land, nor skill or courage to turn it to profit. After a time it paid me far better than worn-out upland that did not need draining.

At the present time buildings and all kinds of other improvements are going on. In fact for over thirty years there has been a steady outlay for improvements, of 700*l.* to 800*l.* per annum. Of course the early improvements now yield, directly or indirectly, the money required for the annual outlay on more improvements. And so the work goes on. When I began, I can remember having thought, that if I had the estate for ten years, with liberty to spend as much of the income as I liked upon it, it would be in good order. I have now been at work for the best part of my life, and I see it will be necessary that my son should work at it, as I have done, for his life too, before the estate will be in the condition it ought to be in.

It is only by spending capital upon it that land can be put into good condition and supplied with the buildings necessary for its full productiveness, whether it be in Ireland or anywhere else. The land of Ireland needs all the available capital of all its landlords and tenants together, for two or three generations, to put it in a proper state. And yet wiseacres tell us that if only the landlords (who own much more capital, and have much larger credit than the tenants) are thrown overboard, the tenants will be able to do it all by themselves, both their own proper part and the landowners' part too. Any one who likes to believe this, I advise to make himself acquainted personally with what the average Irish tenants really are, and with the improvements which they make, where circumstances of tenure are favourable.

It will be found that much the larger part of such improvements as have been made has been done by

landlords. I have often asserted that I have drained more land than all the tenants together for twenty miles round on every side. If I said I have drained twice as much, I believe I should be still far within the truth. I have said that my tenants are much before most of those on neighbouring properties in wealth and good farming. When the Land Act passed I went round to every tenant; and, for my own security, to have a record of all that tenants had done on the estate, I took down in a special book an account of the improvements which he or his father claimed to have made on his farm, and his own report of the money that had been expended. It was taken down in the tenant's own words, so that I could prove what he told me. Even when he told a plain lie, his words were still taken down with "a lie" written against them. On the whole I think I got near the truth, and I had several checks on facts. The result was that all the improvements together claimed, and at the value the tenants themselves put on them, only amounted to 1½ year's rent of the estate. I need not say no tenant ever left his farm without a loss to me of 1½ year's rent. None who had made any real improvements have in fact been put out. It can be judged therefore how far the claim for improvement by tenants really goes, when the above is the total on an estate where the tenants are well off and thriving.

A friend who has seen what I have done asked me lately, "Would the plan you have followed answer in Connaught on estates subdivided into from seven to twenty acres?" I answered, I do not know Connaught, but I think there is no other practical plan that it is possible to follow, and in time it would answer.

Let any one soberly consider what it is possible to do with a bad tenant of seven to twenty acres of land (whether he is bad from drink, or idleness, or poverty, or any other fault

or misfortune) except to take his land away, and give it to his neighbour, who is doing better, and to whom it will be a means of doing better still?

What is it possible for a half-ruined tenant (which these men in debt really are) to do on a patch of inferior bog, and rock, and mountain, without potatoes? Even in good years he can only just keep his head above water. And in bad years he either gets more in debt, or has to get relief somewhere to keep him alive. Even in our better district nearly all the small tenants were half-ruined by the famine of 1847, and got thoroughly in debt. I have watched them ever since. They have never recovered their position in the days of potatoes. When a few good years came, they did fairly, and were better off; but every bad year upset some wholly, and crippled others, however low their rents were. That rents are low does not set a poor tenant on his legs, as can be proved in thousands of cases. His habits are his true enemies—what I have called his morals. And then comes the question, which patriots and agitators always ignore, What is to become of the pauper-tenant's children? But if he loses his land, and turns labourer, or takes up some other occupation, or emigrates, his children grow up in his new occupation as useful as any others. I know myself many children of broken tenants thoroughly useful men and women, whom I have gladly employed. They often claim an acquaintance with me on this ground. "My father was so-and-so, who you turned out." If they had continued to clem over their bit of ground, they could only have been as useless as their fathers and mothers were.

In my judgment, this difficulty, What will become of the children? is by far the most weighty objection to small occupiers of any tenure.

For the last thirty years there has been no difficulty whatever in young men and women getting employment in Ireland at fair wages. Thousands

and tens of thousands have risen and thriven in this way, and are now far above any small occupiers in every respect.

It is not half realised how backward and barbarous the state of Ireland was half a century ago. My memory goes back beyond fifty years, and I can tell the impression which visits to Ireland then made on a public school-boy. One felt the difference from the tone in England all over. It was a totally different state of society, and principle, and thought. The very stories one heard about what was going on were like those of another state of existence. Any suggestion for improving an estate was laughed to scorn by every one, as the dream of an enthusiast, and no one then believed it possible to improve either the Irish land or tenant.

The communication with England then was very different from what it is now. I can remember crossing in a sailing packet from Cork to Bristol, and having what was thought (an excellent passage of only three days. The passage often lasted for weeks. I have heard of six weeks. I believe that nothing has done so much good for Ireland, in all ways, as the improved facilities of communication with England. The effect has been incalculable in a hundred unobserved ways.

The best symptom in the present distress is the number both of landlords and tenants who are borrowing money for draining. It makes one hope that knowledge is at length penetrating to the dark places of the land, and that permanent good results may appear hereafter. The previous apathy of landlords in neglecting to drain and improve their land, was incomprehensible and sadly wrong.

To these difficulties, let it be added that the country has been treated as if a political hot-bed. We live under that most liberal constitutional principle that one man is as good as another, if not much better; though

those who claim such rights have not one quality to fit them for properly using them, and are wholly the tools of others. How can any one wonder that such results as we see are daily produced? Home Rule M.P.'s have done great good in proving to men elsewhere the true nature of Irish doings. They are the *crème de la crème* of the large part of the people they represent. The changed tone of opinion in England is their work; and they should be thanked for it.

I have lived for a great many years in the country, and every year that passes I find more kindliness and good will, and like those better with whom I am brought in contact. No one can be more alive to the good qualities of the people than I am. To me, too, life in Ireland has been very gainful, as it is to all honest men who take pains and have any sense. Moreover, I see that in many things the country has much advanced since I first knew it, and I thoroughly recognise what is so often overlooked, that improvement in the habits of a people is the work of generations rather than of years. But I am sure that the sentimental view of Irish questions which was acted on of late, and accepted as right and true, is of the very opposite character, and actually hinders improvement. Truth and facts are before all things in Ireland. Sentiment they ascribe wholly to fear of them and their merits. And the return they make for it is only to demand more of their own way, as all can now see.

The faults and neglects of landlords justly caused a prejudice against them, and the blame for the state of the country was laid at their door. The mistake was in the further inference that the tenants were all that could be wished. In truth there is not one point in which they were better than the landlords, and they had their own faults besides. If they had been angels of light they could hardly have been more bolstered up

than they were. As these measures applied to good and bad alike, it is easy to judge what has been the effect on the bad. It has been all that could do harm and check improvement. The thing wanted was to discourage the bad and to encourage the good, just as the natural course of the world would do. Men's own faults, the same as I have described in Irish tenants, make them unprosperous; the opposite good qualities make others prosper. And so the good take the place of the bad. In no other way short of a miracle can improvement come about. My estate is better off than others, simply because there are more good tenants on it, and fewer bad ones. If the bad as well as the good had been kept, it would be simply where other unimproved estates are.

To keep this bad and inferior class of tenants, is the end aimed at, for their own purposes, by one party in Ireland. Every day may be seen statements in the papers, as if it was the duty of landlords to preserve the occupiers of these 7 to 10 acre plots of bad land, supply them both with seeds and potatoes to plant their land, and afterwards forego the rent, and much else. It is nothing to save their lives from hunger: the aim is to preserve them as tenants. The truth is, landlords are greatly to blame for ever having permitted such miserable holdings to exist; and the only possible course of amendment is to treat the land as neglected estates would be treated in England or Scotland—to remove gradually the worst tenants and let their land to the best.

I do not know Connaught, but I know Munster well, and the talk that the Irish people dislike emigration is not true. My part is poor, the extreme south of County Cork, and it is believed there is not a poor family in that part of the country that has not near relatives in America; my own tenants, labourers and servants all have, as we often

hear from their letters. There is no reluctance to emigrate, hardly so much as natural feeling would be expected to cause anywhere. They have gone to all parts of the world. One thoroughly thriving tenant has two daughters in Queensland, both married, one to a shopkeeper so well off that when the son of the squire of the parish at home went to Queensland with wife and children and good capital, and failed in one of their bad times, even falling into want, she and her husband helped them all to return home again. The other daughter is married to a "Chinee," and seems to like it, which is odd. She writes that "Chinees" are considered to make good husbands out there. There is no doubt she is well off in money. A housemaid, a good servant who had saved money after four years with us, went lately to New Zealand because she thought her chances of marriage at home were grown rather stale (to use the Irish expression). She writes in great prosperity. It is quite certain in our part we consider ourselves to be Citizens of the world, and are ready to take advantage of any opening in any part of the globe that promises success and gain. It may be different in Connaught. But is it realised what a patch of bog and rock in Connaught really is, to which such patriotic attachment is supposed, and which therefore will be clung to, in preference to the magnificent land of Manitoba and North-West America, where splendid crops of corn grow in succession without manure?

One thing at least is certain, that the spread of education and intelligence that has made the Munster peasant glad to emigrate anywhere, and even marry a Chinese, will produce the same effect in Connaught, so soon as it reaches the same point there. The contrast of the patch of Connaught bog *versus* the corn-fields of Manitoba, is beyond what human nature could bear. A benevolent

person could not do a greater kindness than to print large handbills with descriptions of North American cornlands, and directions how to reach them, to be posted in all parts of Connaught and distributed to every national school child on its way home from school.

In my district there has been no distress this winter beyond others. Not so much as last winter. There is nothing that the poor-law was not more than able to cope with. February 1, there were three more paupers in the union than in 1879; March 1, there were 10 more. But nothing is more certain than that where the carcase is there the eagles will be gathered together. Any amount of relief will be gladly accepted. The feeling is simply universal, "Why should we not get our share of what is going?" I contend, therefore, that the natural way of meeting the Irish difficulty is the true and only sure way—that bad tenants should lose their land by the effect of their own faults, and good ones should get it instead of them, and that the artificial course of trying to bolster up bad tenants should be abandoned. A bad tenant may be useful as a labourer, or in some other occupation. If he is not, his children will probably become so. As an emigrant he surely betters his own condition, and gives his children a far better life than at home. All the capital of landlord and tenant united, and much more, is wanted to put the land in the condition it ought to be in. If permanent improvements will pay 5 per cent on the cost, the landlord is well paid. Whereas manuring his farm will almost always pay the tenant 20 per cent, and often much more. The natural and right thing is for the landlord to do the permanent improvements, charging an extra rent for the outlay, and tenants the manuring.

It will not have escaped notice that some of the Home Rule M.P.'s objected to loans to landlords for draining,

because it would enable them to charge higher rents for such drained land. A better proof could not be given of the narrow ignorance of such men. As if draining does not benefit all round—landlord, tenant, and labourer—and can't be hindered from doing so!

Outlay of capital on the land is the *sine quâ non* of the improvement of Ireland. Whatever else is done or not done, that must be done, if the country is to be improved. It adds to the wealth of all, and is the surest evidence that a country is emerging from backwardness and poverty.

There is one strong recommendation of the course I have urged: every step taken in it is so much secured for good. Whereas it is always the danger of heroic remedies that they may make the last state worse than the first, like that of the man in the Gospels. It will, of course, be said I write as a landlord. No doubt I do;

and if I had not known the real value of sentimental talk, I should have had no business to live in Ireland, and could not have succeeded there. But I write as one who knew from the first that his own prosperity was involved in the prosperity of his tenants, and who, after forty years' experience, has found his course to succeed. Above all, I write in the certainty that the owning and improving of land is a business, as much as cotton-spinning, and nothing else; that it can only prosper when managed on business principles, whether it be in England, Ireland, or Scotland, and that the tall-talk of politicians in Ireland is only an empty wind-bag, produced wholly by scheming, and sure to collapse when met by a resolute will.

W. BENCE JONES.

LISSELAN, CO. CORK,
March 1, 1880.

THE POETRY OF A ROOT CROP.

Underneath their eider-robe
 Russet swede and golden globe,
 Feathered carrot, burrowing deep,
 Steadfast wait in charmed sleep;
 Treasure-houses wherein lie,
 Locked by angels' alchemy,
 Milk and hair, and blood, and bone,
 Children of the barren stone;
 Children of the flaming Air,
 With his blue eye keen and bare,
 Spirit-peopled, smiling down
 On frozen field and boiling town—
 Boiling town that will not heed
 God His voice for rage and greed;
 Frozen fields that surpliced lie,
 Gazing patient at the sky;
 Like some marble carven nun,
 With folded hands when work is done,
 Who mute upon her tomb doth pray,
 Till the resurrection day.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Nov. 25, 1845.

NOTE ON THE MARCH NUMBER.

In the first column of page 403, lines 18 and 19 from top, the sentence should read, "But if Wilberforce judged others severely, he judged himself no less so."

